

MERRY ENGLAND.

JANUARY, 1891.

The Sere of the Leaf.

WINTER wore a flapping wind, and his beard, dis-
twined,

Blew cloudy in the face of the Fall,
When a poet-soul flew South, with a singing in her mouth,
O'er the azure Irish parting-wall.*
There stood one beneath a tree whose matted greenery
Was fruited with the songs of birds ;
By the melancholy water drooped the slender sedge its daughter,
Whose silence was a sadness passing words :
He held him very still,
And he heard the running rill,
And the soul-voice singing blither than the birds.

All Summer the sunbeams drew the curtains from the dreams
Of the rose-fay, while the sweet South wind
Lapped the silken swathings close round her virginal repose
When night swathed folding slumbers round her mind.
Now the elf of the flower had sickened in her bower,
And fainted in a thrill of scent ;

* Miss Katharine Tynan's visit to London, 1889.

But her lover of the South, with a moan upon his mouth,
Caught her spirit to his arms as it went :
Then the storms of West and North
Sent a gusty vaward forth,
Sent a skirring desolation, and he went.

And a troop of roving gales rent the lily's silver veils,
And tore her from her trembling leaves ;
And the Autumn's smitten face flushed to a red disgrace,
And she grieved as a captive grieves.
Once the gold-barred cage of skies with the sunset's moulted
dyes
Was splendidously littered at the even ;
Beauty-fraught o'er shining sea, once the sun's argosy
To rich wreck on the Western reefs was driven ;
Now the sun, in Indian pall,
Treads the russet-amber fall,
From the ruined trees of Heaven.

Too soon fails the light, and the swart boar, night,
Gores to death the bleeding day ;
And the dusk has no more a calm at its core,
But is turbid with obscene array.
For the cloud a thing of ill, dilating baleful o'er the hill,
Spreads a bulk like a huge Afreet
Drifting in gigantic sloth, or a murky behemoth,
For the moon to set her silver feet ;
For the moon's white paces,
And its nostril for her traces,
As she urges it with wild witch-feet.

And the stars, forlornly fair, shiver keenly through the air,
All an-aching till their watch be ceased ;

And the hours like maimed flies lag on, ere night hatch her
golden dragon

In the mould of the upheaved East.

"As the cadent languor lingers after Music droops her fingers

Beauty still falls dying, dying through the days;

But ah!" said he who stood in that Autumn solitude,

"Singing-soul, thou art 'lated with thy lays!

All things that on this globe err

Fleet into dark October,

When day and night encounter, the nights war down the days.

"Lo how, his morion burnished round with the sun,

Day lit about with lances flashed to fight!

His burning onset came an inextinguishable flame

On the rocked ranks of the night.

See, the battle ebbs out West, with a riot of tossing crest

And banner streaming rent, a panic-heap;

The stricken day drops dead on a field running red,

While his golden crown rolls down the heavenly steep.

Why with thy solicitings

Tease the Summer's lethed strings,

Fretting Beauty's ear as she dies into sleep?

"For the song in thy mouth is all of the South,

Though Winter wax in strength more and more,

And ateve with breath of malice the stained windows of day's palace

Pile in shatters on the Western floor."

But the song sank down his soul like a Naiad through her pool,

He could not bid the visitant depart;

For he felt the melody make tune like a bee

In the red rose of his heart:

Like a Naiad in her pool

It lay within his soul,

Like a bee in the red rose of his heart.

She sang of the shrill East fled and bitterness surceased :—

“ O the blue South wind is musical !

And the garden's drenched with scent, and my soul hath its
content,

This eve or any eve at all.”

On his form the blushing shames of her ruby-plumaged flames

Flickered hotly, like a quivering crimson snow :

“ And hast thou thy content ? Were some rain of it besprent

On the soil where I am drifted to and fro !

My soul, blown o'er the ways

Of these arid latter days,

Would blossom like a rose of Jericho.

“ I know not equipoise, only purgatorial joys,

Griefs singing to the soul's instrument,

And forgetfulness which yet knoweth that it doth forget ;

But content—what is content ?

For a harp of singeing wire, and a goblet dripping fire,

And desires that hunt down Beauty through the Heaven

With unslackenable bounds, as the deep-mouthed thunder-
hounds

Bay at heel the fleeing levin,—

The chalice'd lucencies

From pure holy-wells of eyes,

And the bliss unbarbed with pain I have given.

“ Is—O framed to suffer joys !—*thine* the sweet without alloys

Of the many, who art numbered with the few ?

And thy flashing breath of song, does it do *thy* lips no wrong,

Nor sear them as the heats spill through ?

When the welling musics rise, like tears from heart to eyes,

Is there not a pang dissolved in them for thee ?

Does not Song, like the Queen of radiant Love, Hellene,

Float up dripping from a bitter sea ?

No tunèd metal known
Unless stricken yields a tone,
Be it silver, or sad iron like to me.

"Yet the rhymes still roll from the bell-tower of thy soul,
Though no tongued griefs give them vent ;
If they ring to me no gladness, if *my* joy be sceptred sadness,
I am glad, yet, for *thy* content.
Not always does the lost, 'twixt the fires of heat and frost,
Envy those whom the healing lustres bless ;
But may sometimes in the pain of a yearning past attain
Thank the angels for their happiness ;
'Twixt the fire and fiery ice,
Looking up to Paradise
Thank the angels for their happiness.

"Thy sunlight spirit strains through thy muse's painted panes
In radiant shapes on my dark wall ;
But most boughs verse may fold in its dusted emerald mould
Were moistened dank with sorrow first of all.
Better lowly, satiate days, though they see not their own face
In the hyaline of any metred stream,
Than the sweetest melodies were ever wet in Music's eyes,
Her tear is still a tear, if it gleam ;
And her frail wraiths as they rise,
Evanescing clarities,
Sigh into silence and the drift of dream.

"The heart, a censured fire whence fuming chants aspire,
Is fed with oozèd gums of precious pain ;
And unrest swings denser, denser, the fragrance from that censer,
With the heart-strings for its quivering chain.
Yet 'tis vain to scale the turret of the cloud-uplifted spirit,

And bar the immortal in, the mortal out ;
For sometime unaware comes a footfall up the stair,
And a soft knock under which no bolts are stout,
And lo, there pleadeth sore
The heart's voice at the door,
'I am your child, you may not shut me out !'

"The breath of poetry in the mind's autumnal tree
Shakes down the saddened thoughts in singing showers,
But fallen from their stem, what part have we in them ?
'Nay,' pine the trees, 'they were, but are not ours.'
Not for the mind's delight these serèd leaves alight,
But, loosened by the breezes, fall they must.
What ill if they decay ? yet some a little way
May flit before deserted by the gust,
May touch some spirit's hair, may cling one moment there,—
She turns ; they tremble down. Drift o'er them, dust !"

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Catholics in Darkest England.

IN certain all too frequent moods, when I behold in the sphinx Life not so much that inscrutable face of hers, nor yet her nurturing breasts, but rather her lion's claws ; in such moods, a contrast rises before me. I see, as it were, upon my right hand and upon my left, two regions ; separated only by a few hours' journey along our iron roads. I see upon my right hand a land of lanes, and hedgerows, and meadowed green ; whose people's casual tread is over blossoming yellow, white, and purple, far-shining as the constellations that sand their nightly heaven ; where the very winter rains into which the deciduous foliage rots cover the naked boughs with a vividness of dusted emerald. I look upon my left hand, and I see another region—is it not rather another universe ? A region whose hedgerows have set to brick, whose soil is chilled to stone ; where flowers are sold and women, where the men wither and the stars ; whose streets to me on the most glittering day are black. For I unveil their secret meanings. I read their human hieroglyphs. I diagnose from a hundred occult signs the disease which perturbates their populous pulses. Misery cries out to me from the kerb-stone, despair passes me by in the ways ; I discern limbs laden with 'fetters' impalpable, but not imponderable, I hear the shaking of invisible lashes, I see men dabbled with their own oozing life. This contrast rises before me ; and I ask myself whether there be indeed an Ormuzd and an Ahriman, and whether Ahriman be the stronger of the twain. From the claws of the sphinx my eyes have risen to her countenance which no eyes read.

Because, therefore, I have these thoughts ; and because also I have knowledge, not indeed great or wide, but within certain narrow limits more intimate than most men's, of this life which is not a life ; to which food is as the fuel of hunger ; sleep, our common sleep, precious, costly, and fallible, as water in a wilderness ; in which men rob and women vend themselves—for fourpence ; because I have such thoughts and such knowledge, I needed not the words of our great Cardinal to read with painful sympathy the book just put forward by a singular personality.* I rise from the reading of it with a strong impression that here is a proposal which they who will not bless would do well to abstain from banning. Here is at last a man who has formulated a comprehensive scheme, and has dared to take upon himself its execution. That the terrible welter of London misery has not been left undealt with during recent years, that a multitude of agencies have long been making on it a scattered guerilla warfare, I know. But from their efforts I derived not hope, but despair ; they served only to render darkness visible. Before me stretched an immense, soundless, bitter ocean. On its shore stood a string of benevolent children, equipped with sugar-basins. What were they doing ? They were throwing lumps of sugar into the waves, to sweeten the sea. Here was this vast putrescence strangling the air at our very doors, and what scavengers of charity might endeavour its removal ? Now comes by a man, and offers to take on himself the responsibility of that removal : in God's name, give him the contract ! one inclines to exclaim. And as a Protestant, so one might exclaim. But we Catholics, as I shall have to show when I have dealt with the book, must needs look on the scheme with very mingled feelings—nay, for certain reasons, can perhaps hardly afford merely to look on.

What, then, is his book ? The first part is an unexaggerated statement of the facts—too surely facts—regarding the exist-

* "In Darkest England." By General Booth.

ence of our London outcasts. It is the kind of thing which the public has had so often lately, under one form or another, that I suppose it has ceased to be roused by it. I will therefore only note in it a single point, which for more than one reason I cannot here dwell upon. Let those who are robust enough not to take injury from the terrible directness with which things are stated read the chapter entitled *The Children of the Lost*. For it drives home a truth which I fear the English public, with all its compassion for our destitute children, scarcely realises, knows but in a vague, general way; namely, that they are brought up in sin from their cradles, that they know evil before they know good, that the boys are ruffians and profligates, the girls harlots in the mother's womb. This, to me the most nightmarish idea in all the nightmare of those poor little lives, I have never been able to perceive that people had any true grasp on. And having mentioned it, though it is a subject very near my heart, I will say no more; nor enforce it, as I might well do, from my own sad knowledge. The second portion of the book deals with General Booth's scheme of relief; and a large, comprehensive, daring scheme it is. Its main portion is divided into three great parts, which may almost be said to represent three stages in the manufacture of industrious citizens from the rescued outcasts. These are the City Colony, the Farm Colony, and the Over-sea Colony. The City Colony collects the outcasts, feeds and keeps them for a time, tests their behaviour, their willingness and ability to work, instructs and trains in work those who are unskilled in or unaccustomed to it; and passes the fittest, selected after trial of this kind, on to the Farm Colony. In the Farm Colony they are accustomed to agriculture, receive training in technical agricultural knowledge, and especially training with a view to fitting them for the Emigrant Colony, if they choose to go there. To this Over-sea Colony are finally sent the *élite* of the prepared Farm Colonists; and there they settle down for themselves, though under a government established by the

Salvation Army, after the pattern of, and connected with, the Salvationist government at home. We use, for convenience, the present tense; but of all these settlements only the City Colony has even the embryo of an existence. That Colony will really consist of a number of Shelters, established at various points of London; each Shelter having in connexion with it a food dépôt and a workshop. Five Shelters are already in existence (three opened in 1889, the others, apparently, more recently), three food dépôts, but only one workshop. The better to understand what the Shelters with their food dépôts will be like when the operation of General Booth's scheme has added to them workshops, let us consider their management now. At present they are open only to those who can pay fourpence for a night's lodging. (The food dépôt alone is also open to those who wish to buy cheap food, but this does not here concern us.) The outcast enters, pays his fourpence, has a washhouse where he can wash himself, and is given a large pot of tea, coffee, or cocoa, with bread. He can then read, write, or sit quiet till eight o'clock, at which time "a rousing Salvation meeting," with tambourines and banjos, is held in the room where the outcasts are congregated. They are not compelled to come in to this meeting. But here we find General Booth inexplicit. He does not state whether there is any other room in which they can remain. If the alternative to coming in is stopping outside the Shelter, we can well understand that "as a simple matter of fact they do come in." The inmates then retire to a dormitory heated by hot water pipes, where they sleep after a fashion common, I believe, to all Refuges. That is, the beds resemble oblong rectangular wooden boxes without lids, each containing a mattress to lie on, and a leather apron for coverlet. The sleeping hours are from ten to six. The outcasts then rise, have a breakfast similar to their supper, and leave. Observe most carefully in all this the "rousing Salvation meeting," for it is typical. General Booth emphatically states

that he has no hope of successfully conducting his scheme except by the aid of this religious influence. Those whom he rescues will be at liberty to remain what they please ; but there can be little doubt, I think, that every inducement, short of compulsion or harshness, will be held out to lead them into the Salvation Army.

The addition of workshops to these Shelters will make this difference, that the absolutely penniless tramp can then be admitted. He will be sent to the labour yard, and required to work out the value of the fourpence which he cannot pay. Moreover, so long as he can obtain no outside employment, the labour yard will be open to him. At first he will obtain for his work just three meals a day and nightly shelter ; but if he gives satisfaction he will in time be passed into a second class of workmen, who receive, in addition, sums up to five shillings a week, so that they may buy tools to qualify themselves for outside work. At present the product of this work is chiefly consumed by the Salvation Army ; but when the workshops increase, there will, undoubtedly, arise a difficulty, one may fear, in disposing of it, especially since General Booth is resolved not to sell below trade prices. At the one existing workshop, for example, sack-making is suspended because there is no market for the stock already accumulated. All these City Colonists for whom employment can be found will be so disposed of. The chosen among those who are left will be drafted to the Farm Colony.

A farm estate of from five hundred to a thousand acres will be taken at a sufficient distance from London, suitable for market gardening, but with clay on it for brick-making and crops needing heavier soil. A pioneer brigade will be sent from the City Colony to found the Farm Colony, installed in barracks, and set to work. Draining, road-making, and fencing would occupy the winter ; in summer they would work on the land, chiefly in spade husbandry. Women would also have employ-

ment, especially in fruit farming. All the Colonists want or build they would have to make or erect themselves, thus bringing into operation numerous trades. The products of the Farm would go largely to the Salvation Army and their City food-dépôts. A code of rules for the regulation of the Farm Colonists is given, as to which I may remark that its code of penalties is founded on the principle of expulsion from the Colony; in ordinary cases after two warnings, in flagrant cases immediately. Intoxicants are strictly prohibited. It is a rather curious regulation that the introduction of the slightest quantity of drink into the Colony is reckoned a flagrant offence, while drunkenness incurred outside its borders is punished only on the third offence. From the Farm Colony the *élite*, as already mentioned, are transferred to the Over-sea Colony, of which (its details being vaguer) I will not treat further in this outline.

In connexion with the City Colony are two subsidiary schemes, intended to aid in the employment of the Colonists. Firstly, a Labour Bureau, at which employers seeking workers and workers seeking employers may be brought into relation with each other. This already exists, but it is hoped that the establishment of the scheme will widely develop its sphere and power. Secondly, a Household Salvage Brigade. This will consist of uniformed men, responsible to officers appointed by the Army, who would go from house to house collecting broken victuals, waste, and refuse of all kinds. For this purpose it is proposed to provide every house with a tub and a sack into which all waste material may be thrown. All this the Army will try to utilise. Old bottles will be washed, cleaned, and resold. The good parts of old boots will be separated from the ruined portions and recombined into cheap boots. Old bones will be used to make bone articles, or sent to the Farm Colony to be ground up for manure. Old umbrellas will be recombined like the old boots. Old tins will be utilised to make cheap toys. Old papers will be passed

on to reading-rooms, workhouses, and hospitals ; old books used to found a second-hand bookshop ; and all remaining waste paper sent to a paper mill, which will be established on the Farm Colony. On that same Farm Colony the sanguine General even sees a soap mill arising for the utilisation of refuse fat ; while from the better parts of the fat would be made waggon-grease. And this Salvage Brigade, he says, will not interfere with such people as the Little Sisters of the Poor, who only collect broken victuals from the large hotels and similar establishments. He is entirely wrong. They collect from house to house, and consequently he *will* interfere with them.

Around this central scheme are grouped a host of others, either subsidiary to it, or foreseen as likely to develop from it : Rescue Homes for fallen women ; Inebriate Homes ; a Prison Gate Brigade, with Homes near the prisons, to take charge of discharged prisoners as they come out ; a Poor Man's Bank ; Crèches for Children ; an Inquiry Office for Lost People ; a Model Lodging-house for married "out-of-works" ; a Poor Man's Métropole, to provide lodgings for those who leave the Shelters yet wish to remain in touch with the Salvation Army ; and other schemes, to deal with all which would require nearly a separate article.

This is a large and bold scheme. Of the many objections made to it, perhaps only two have materially struck home. One is its great centralisation. In Germany, for instance, Farm Colonies have been established, it is said, with considerable success ; but there decentralisation has been observed. Another objection is that it depends so largely on the personality of one man, and may fall into disorder when his controlling brain is withdrawn. Yet, granting all this ; granting that it is doubtful whether it will accomplish all its aims ; granting that the whole thing is an experiment, the issue of which one would be daring to forecast ; nevertheless, the courage and resource General Booth has displayed in attacking the terrible problem at which

we have been nibbling so long is quite sufficient to account for the sympathy and support he has received. Nay, we can hardly be surprised that Catholics, in the first moment of pleasure that something big is to be attempted, have come forward with material support.

But let me suggest a consideration which should make us pause. All moneys given to this scheme will virtually go to making proselytes for the Salvationists. Nothing can be clearer. There will be no compulsory proselytism ; but all will be invited, enticed, pressed, to join the Army. And in this the General is perfectly right. He holds that there is little chance of changed life without changed heart, that religion is *the* changer of hearts, that religion must, therefore, be the backbone of his scheme : and every Catholic must hold him absolutely right. If he proceeds to the corollary : " This religion must be *my* religion," such is a necessary consequence of his belief, if he believe. He can only instil what he possesses. Now, with regard to the mass who have little or no religion, a Catholic might conceivably be willing to send light among their misery, even though the light were carried in a Salvation candlestick, rather than leave them in exterior darkness. But there are Catholics benighted in Darkest London ; from my own observation I should be inclined to say more Catholics than we would wish to think there could be. Can a Catholic hire the drum and tambourine for *them* to dance to ? Is not money wanted for our own Catholic charities ? " Aye, but," you answer, " if I withhold my money from this scheme, to what scheme shall I give it ? What like scheme is there for the Catholic outcasts ? What scheme which shall prevent them from being gathered into the Salvationist barns ? " I am silenced. So far as I am aware, there is none. Yet the need for one will be but too apparent when General Booth's scheme is launched. The very book under review mentions a girl born of Catholic parents who has been rescued by his organisation, and is now in the

ranks of the Salvation Army: with the establishment of his trumpeted colonies such cases will but too likely multiply tenfold. It needed the wholesale snapping up of our derelict children by Dr. Barnardo to stir us into reclaiming them ourselves; in the name of the Mother of Sorrows, our derelict men and women shall not have to wait till the Salvation Army has bruised our heel. Withhold your money awhile from this alien scheme, till you have seen what Catholics can, must, please God, *will* do.

We have done much already, considering our means; therefore it is that we shall do more. One prime reason for hope in General Booth's scheme is that the germs have already been sown, and he has a trained body to tend and water them. Now as regards the first requisite, the germs of our more limited undertaking are likewise sown. We have already numerous Orders devoted to the care of the aged, the sick, and the children of the poor. Does General Booth propose partly to support his refugees by house-to-house collection of food, old clothing, etc.? The Little Sisters of the Poor for their aged inmates, the Sisters of Nazareth for their old people, their orphan and infirm children, have no other support than this house-to-house collection, accompanied by alms. Has he Homes for fallen women? So have our Nuns of the Good Shepherd. Has he Shelters, where for a small sum the destitute can obtain food and a night's lodging—in some cases employment? We have long had Monsignor Gilbert's Refuge in Providence Row, which has already done incalculable good, and is year by year gradually extending its operations. What such an institution does, and how much remains to do, may be impressively realised by one who watches the nightly crowd of haggard men outside this Refuge; the anxious waiting while the ticket-holders are slowly admitted, the thrill—the almost shudder—through the crowd when the manager emerges to pick out men for the vacant beds left over after the ticket-holders' admission, the sickening suspense and

fear in all the eyes as—choosing a man here and there—he passes along the huddled ranks, the cold clang with which the gates of mercy shut in those fortunate few, but out the rest; and then the hopeless, helpless drifting off of the dreary crowd, This Refuge is conducted precisely on the lines of the present Salvation Shelters, except that it is free, and there is no “rousing Salvation meeting.”

Those inmates who are able to give satisfactory references are kept for some time, and every effort is made to find them employment. Moreover, of late voluntary workers have gone out into the streets, picking up the destitute and giving them tickets of admission. In all this there is obvious encouragement to further effort. What do we require in order to establish other Shelters, on some similar plan, designed primarily for the destitute of our own Faith, though (especially if the scheme prospered and grew) when they had been served, others need not be excluded: to which all our destitute should be admitted, however far beyond the possibility of obtaining references their misdeeds might have placed them? What do we require in order to do this, and to push, like the Salvation Army, the work of religion and rescue among the slums? Funds, no doubt. But it is just to leave no excuse for the diversion of Catholic money to the Salvation Army that this suggestion is put forward. What more do we require? Very much more. We require an organisation. We require a Salvation Army of our own.

Create a Catholic Salvation Army! Yes, if need be. But what if it already exists, and has only, like a hawk, to be shown its prey? Nothing is more observable than the extent to which General Booth has studied our methods. Take, for instance, his Slum Sisters, who work among the slums, themselves living in a house like the tenements around them, cleaning in the dwellings of the poor, nursing their sick, etc. Then read the constitution given by St. Vincent de Paul to his Sisters of Charity. They were “to consist of girls, and widows unencum-

bered with children, destined to seek out the poor in the alleys and streets of cities. They were to have for monastery the houses of the sick ; for cell, a hired room ; for their chapel, the parish church ; for their cloister, the streets of the town or the wards of the hospital ; for enclosure, obedience ; for grating, the fear of God ; for veil, holy modesty."* The genesis of the Slum Sisters is evident. It would appear that we have forgotten what manner of men we are ; let us look, then, into this Salvation glass and see. When Professor Huxley incidentally compared the Salvation Army to the Franciscans, an article in the *Pall Mall* (reprinted in the *Weekly Register*) took up the comparison with alacrity, and extended it. Considering the old connexion of the *Pall Mall* with the Salvationists, it is not baseless to surmise that this article may have been suggested from a Salvationist source, possibly by *the* Salvationist. At any rate, the similarities between the two organisations are such as I believe to be largely the result of study, not accident. The very chivalrous militarism of St. Francis has been caught and vulgarised in the outward military symbolism of the Salvation Army. That joyous spirit which St. Francis so peculiarly fostered in his followers is claimed and insisted on by General Booth as an integral and essential feature in his own followers. The street-preaching, in which the Salvationists are so energetic, received its first special extension from the Franciscans : throughout the streets of Catholic Europe the pure Gospel was once preached, as is now the decadent evangel of the Salvationists in London. Here, surely, our copy turns our eyes inward upon ourselves. Mother of street-preaching, where are your street-preachers ? To gather the multitude into our churches something more than the sound of a bell has become necessary ; let us go forth into the high-

* The Little Sisters of the Assumption, who have houses in London, as a matter of fact were founded within late years exclusively to nurse and work for the poor in their own homes. They are debarred from going to any but the entirely destitute who can procure no other help.

ways and byways like the Franciscan Friars of old. And it is for the Friars to do it. The priest, worn almost to breaking by the cares of his own poor parish, has no strength or time to go forth among that nomad population which is of no parish and of all parishes. Why should the Franciscans lie behind their caricatures? The scarf and scarlet jersey is crying in street, in slum-dwelling, in common lodging-house, such God's truth as is in it to cry; where is the brown frock and the cord?

But the preaching Friar can only subserve a portion of the uses subserved by the Salvation Army. Consider what the Salvation Army is. It is not merely a sect, it is virtually a Religious Order, but a Religious Order of a peculiar kind. It consists of men and women living in the world the life of the world, pursuing their businesses, marrying, bringing up families; yet united by rule and discipline, and pushing forward active work of charity and religious influence among the forsaken poor. It possesses, moreover, the advantage of numerous recruits from the ranks of the poor, through whom it can obtain intimate knowledge of the condition and requirements of their class. For General Booth evidently possesses that true leader's gift, which consists in sucking other people's brains, and digesting what you suck. More important still, it can set these people to work amid their unreclaimed fellows. It can send its tame elephants to decoy the wild ones. Observe all these notes; for anybody, effectually to do similar work, should possess similar notes.

Where, then, have we an organisation approximating to this? May it be that here, too, the Salvation Army has but studied St. Francis? Here, too, has the Assisian left us a weapon which but needs a little practice to adapt it to the necessity of the day? Even so. Our army is in the midst of us, enrolled under the banner of the Stigmata, quartered throughout the kingdom; an army over 13,000 strong, following the barrack routine of religious peace, diligently pipe-claying

its spiritual accoutrements, practising what that other Army calls "knee-drill," turning out for periodical inspection, and dreaming of no conflict at hand. Sound to it the trumpet. Sound to the militia of Assisi that the enemy is about them that they must take the field; sound to the Tertiaries of St. Francis. Yes, the Franciscan Tertiaries are this army. See how they fulfil the notes above given (which is equivalent to saying, see how the Salvation Army has copied *their* notes). They are men and women who live in the world the life of the world—though not a worldly life; who marry, rear their families, attend to their worldly vocations; yet they are a Religious Order, with rule and observance. They include numbers of men and women among the poor. Nay, the resemblance extends to minor matters. Like the Salvationists, they exact from their women plainness of dress; though unlike the Salvationists, and most like their poet founder, they do not exact ugliness of dress. Like the Salvationists, again, they are an essentially democratic body: a Tertiary peeress, writing to a Tertiary factory girl, must needs address her as "sister." It rests with themselves to complete the resemblance in the one point now lacking. They are saying their Office, holding their monthly meetings, sanctifying themselves; it is excellent, but only half that for which their founder destined them. He intended them likewise for active works of charity. They are the Third Order of St. Francis; their founder's spirit should be theirs; and with the ecstatic of Alverno, contemplation was never allowed to divert him from activity. He who penanced Brother Ruffino because the visionary was overpowering in him the worker, with what alacrity would he have thrown his Tertiaries on the battle-field where reserves are so needed; with what alacrity would he have bidden them come down from Alverno, and descend into the streets! Nay, the present Pope, as if he had foreseen the task which might call upon them, has released them from the weight of fasts and prayers

which burdened them, reducing their fasts to two in the year, their prayers to twelve daily *Paters* and *Aves*. They are freed from their spiritual austerities, and at liberty for external labours. They, therefore, if their founder live at all in them, seem the organisation ready constituted for this work.* Priests cannot do it, it must be done by laics, with the business knowledge of the secular, the charity of the devout; and who so fit as these laics that are likewise Religious? Or what other body have we covering the whole kingdom, embracing among its members both rich and poor, those who can combine and those who can enable them to combine; at once united in constitution and territorialised in distribution? We should take advantage of this latter circumstance to avoid what may perhaps prove a capital error in the Salvation scheme, its close centralisation. In fighting over the unequal ground of many-towned England, we should prefer the formation of the Roman legion to that of the Macedonian phalanx. In whatever town there was a Congregation of Tertiaries, they would endeavour to combine for the establishment of Shelters, and whatever, in the process of development, might ultimately grow out of them. For I abstain from suggesting either ultimate development or initiatory limits. That would be for organisers; I have only endeavoured to indicate the tools which seem at hand for such organisers. Around these central mouths the Tertiaries would stretch their tentacles through alley and lane, and retract them with their forlorn prey. It is in this latter operation particularly that we should find the advantage of the many poor in the Order—the very

* As illustrating to some extent the above remarks, I may quote the example of the Peckham Tertiaries, who have already awakened to their need for more active exertion. "The Brothers and Sisters of this Congregation" (says the *Franciscan Annals* for October) "are doing a very good work among the poor of the mission, visiting the sick and helping those in want. Their efforts are most praiseworthy, and quite according to the mind of St. Francis; and their example should be imitated by all Tertiaries, especially in towns and poor districts."

weapon which gives such peculiar power to the Salvationists. For the rest, though the unmarried would naturally be of the most active service, all Tertiaries, it might be hoped, would make it a matter of duty and love to furnish what aid their time, their position, their means, and their capacity permitted. Let it not be supposed that we should need to start an ambitious and complicated scheme like that of General Booth. For the primary aim would be one circumscribed and narrowed, though arduous enough—to rescue from the danger of Salvation proselytism our own outcasts; and we should proceed from small beginnings.* Only let us begin! Nor yet let it be said that the organisation indicated is not numerous enough for such a work. It numbers, on a rough calculation, over 13,000 in England and Scotland. Under the Capuchins alone there are 4,300 Tertiaries (forty-seven Congregations); the Provincial of the English Franciscan Recollects (Upton) has under him about 170 Congregations, with an average attendance at each Congregation of about eighty; while the Friars of Clevedon (Somerset), Saltash (Cornwall), and Ascot (Berkshire) have under their united direction seven Congregations, with a total of about four hundred members. Truly an army which may do much: if it will mobilise itself, if its members do not shrink from the self-denial, the hardship, the toils of the field.

Let us, then, put this thing to the test, in God's name! And, except in God's name, it were indeed wanton to try it. It may fail, true; it may be much of a leap in the dark, true; but every community must make its leaps in the dark, and make them often for far less clamorous cause. We English at large were nigh on bringing our Home Rule prodigy to birth; though astrologers hardly cast its horoscope alike, though there were not wanting prophets who boded the apparition of an armed

* I may observe that such of the rescued as were eligible for admission to already existing Catholic institutions would naturally be drafted off there, to such an extent as they could be received.

head from our seething Irish cauldron. But long and crying suffering waited redress, we had tried palliatives which fell short, and we had all but determined (wisely, I think, determined) to test a heroic remedy. Here, at your own lintel, is long and crying suffering, worse than that of the Irish peasant, who has at least the consolation of his God, his priest, his neighbour, and his conscience; here, too, you have tried palliatives which have fallen short; here, too, then, venture a heroic remedy. The most disastrous daring is better in such a matter than but too certainly disastrous quiescence. I do not like Mohammed, but I like less Moloch: the code of the Koran is ill; is the code of Cotytto better? But to this it shall not come.

Things hard, not unachievable, I have set before you, children of Assisi; not unachievable, much less unattemptsable. Scorn you may have, contumely you may have: but witness that these Salvationists, being of a verity blind prophets, yet endured all this; and you, who know whereof you prophesy, shall you not endure it? Nay, if I must tell of surety and acceptance, surety, acceptance, should be readier at hand for you than for them. Can men conjure in the ways with the name of Booth, and not with the name of Manning? If they are shielded by the red jersey, you shall be shielded by the reflex of that princely red at Westminster. But rather will I cry to you, lineage of Alverno:—Gird on your weakness as a hauberk of proof! *They* have grown strong because they were weak, and esteemed because they were despised; you shall grow stronger because weaker, and more esteemed because more despised. What sword have they, but you have a keener? For the clever General, the great Cardinal; for blood and fire, gentle humility; for the joy of a religious alcoholism, the joy of that peace which passeth understanding; for the tumults, the depths of the spirit; for the discipline of trumpets, the discipline of the Sacraments; for the chiming of tambourines, Mary's name pensile like a bell-tongue in men's

resonant souls ; for hearts clashed open by a whirlwind, the soft summons of Him Who stands at the door and knocks. If with these you cannot conquer, then you could not with chariots and horsemen.

FRANCIS TANCRED.

*The English Earl and the Roman
Calendar.*

WHAT a record could the walls of Arundel Castle unfold, were they not mute, of the happy children who have left it for the Court or the camp, full of hope of a brilliant future: how many have been brought in declining years to envy the very serf on the estate, and have found the glitter and gaiety of the world but "dead sea fruit, ashes to their taste." As we wander through its corridors and galleries, from their canvases stare upon us the features of the warrior, the Saint, and the sinner, from "the Jockey of Norfolk," who fell with "Dickon, his master," at Bosworth Field, in the fifteenth century, down to the fifteenth Duke of to-day. Here is that Duke, the uncle of two Queens, a prisoner in the Tower for six years, and saved only from the block by the death of Henry VIII.; there is his son—"the Princely Surrey," of Drayton, described by Warters as "the first polite writer of love verses in our language"—the author of the sonnets that bear his name, and the victim to the jealousy and cruelty of Henry VIII. in 1546; and there is the fourth Duke, whose devotion to the cause of Mary Stuart cost him his head—these, and many others, look down upon us from the walls of their old home. How happy seemed their lot to the eyes of an envious world, how bright the promise of their youth, how speedy their destruction—often by "ambition o'erleaping itself." But of the portraits that hang on the walls of the interior of Arundel Castle, there is one that I venture to think but few could escape noticing; the very

beauty of the picture itself would need no connoisseur's eye to detect it at first glance; the name of its painter, Zuccherò, would alone attract to it attention. But neither the worth of the painting as an object of art, nor the celebrity of the artist, can rival, as a magnet to attract admiration, the features of its original. The face of a boy about sixteen years old—a face rarely seen in countries north of the Pyrenees, a face that once seen can remain in the mind only as a sweet impression, gleaned as though from nature itself, and can never be forgotten—an oval face with that exquisite complexion of olive tinged into sunny red brown, such as Murillo delighted to put on canvas. A well-shaped head with broad forehead, shaded by dark, crisp, curly brown locks, growing closely to the head. A setting worthy of large, deep, intelligent eyes, expressive of candour and high-minded simplicity. That innocent, happy, intelligent face, with its good-humoured and simple-minded mouth, can this belong to "the child," who was "the father of the man," whose portrait hangs on another wall at Arundel? What a change. Here we see a man hardened by the world: anxiety and disappointment have left their mark on the features, on the hardened mouth, and the hair prematurely tinged with grey; but the lustrous eyes of penetration, of high-minded and truthful candour and determination, belong alike to Arundel the man as to Arundel the boy. Can this face, again, belong to "the child," who was "father of the man" who has been stigmatised as "black and base," "mean and subtle"? We will try and lay bare the history of Philip, Earl of Arundel (or Aundell as it is variously spelt), and attempt to answer the long open question of his life.

Philip Howard was the son of that fourth Duke of Norfolk who paid with his head the penalty of having aspired to the hand, and having espoused too earnestly the cause, of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. His mother was sole heiress of Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel. Philip, the subject of this sketch, was

therefore heir to the wealth of the three great families of Norfolk, Surrey, and Arundel, and born to the titles of the two latter. Philip Howard was born on Monday, June 28th, 1557, at Arundel House, in the Strand, five years before the attainder and death of his father. His baptism, which took place at Whitehall on the Friday following, was a scene of great magnificence. His sponsors, who attended in person, were Philip of Spain and Queen Mary. The ceremony, attended by the noblest in the land, formed a brilliant spectacle, described at length by the chronicler of the day.

The attainder of his father prevented Arundel from assuming his title of Duke of Norfolk, which was forfeited at his death; but, nevertheless, this seems to have proved no barrier to his admittance to the Court of Elizabeth, whither he was, no doubt, attracted by his personal ambition as well as by its profuse glitter of gaiety, wit, and pedantry, which gained it its name of "Augustan." Philip had been married young—it is said, when only twelve years of age—to his father's ward, Anne, daughter and co-heiress of Lord Dacres. He has been accused by his adverse critics of being an unfaithful husband, the leader of a band of dissolute courtiers, and guilty of the grossest vices. The talented author of "Her Majesty's Tower" has devoted two chapters of that work seemingly to bespatter with mud the name, deeds, and very intentions of Arundel. On the other hand, Jesuit writers of his own day exonerate Philip from such charges; while later Catholic writers have erred in exalting "Philip the Saint" so greatly that they have quite lost sight of "Philip the Man." We think that Philip, Lord Arundel, was far more sinned against than sinning. As the possessor of great wealth, and position, the holder of an illustrious name, and the representative of the noblest English family, he naturally would become an object of envy, a victim of flattery, and a prey to every conceivable temptation. But, added to these possessions, Philip, Lord

Arundel, had also a handsome appearance, and was the possessor of a gifted and intelligent mind. He thus, as the rich noble, the handsome man, and the clever and brilliant courtier, attracted to himself the admiration and flattery on the one hand, or the jealousy and enmity on the other, of those ever ready with admiration or snares for the rich, the noble, the handsome, and the brilliant. The husband of a wife older than himself, and not of his own choice, little wonder that he should have speedily fallen—as so many others had fallen before—a victim to the glare, the adulation, the wit, and the display which were showered upon him at the Court of “the Virgin Queen.” Little wonder that he should have been flattered into what has been decried as his “absurd vanity,” and that among the stars of Elizabeth’s Court he should himself have tried to shine. He had, though, little chance of shining in a Court possessing such courtiers as Raleigh, Essex, Leicester, and Blount. Still he was one of the favourites of the Queen, who petted and fawned on him as was her wont. The favour of Elizabeth, he had yet to learn, was a dangerous thing. The Countess of Arundel had incurred the wrath of the Queen by renouncing Protestantism and becoming a Catholic. Elizabeth spared no pains to widen the breach between husband and wife, and she appears for a time to have been successful. The society at Court drew Arundel into habits of extravagance and dissipation, for which he was little inclined or suited; and when the novelty of his situation at Court had gone, his eyes were at length opened, and disgust at his present mode of life induced “the Earl” to give up his place at Court and seek reconciliation with his wife, with the result that he turned his back on Whitehall for ever.

At the time of which we write, the old maxim, “*Cujus regio, ejus religio*,”—or, “The religion of the king, the religion of the country,”—held good invariably; the unpopular reign of Mary and the exigencies of the day made it politic for Elizabeth to support Protestantism as the national religion on her

accession, while the circumstances attending the divorce of Catherine of Arragon and Henry VIII., on which hinged the legitimacy of Elizabeth as daughter of Anne Boleyn, and so her title to the throne, rendered such a course clearly imperative to her. Elizabeth's religious views, it is evident, were political throughout. Her mind could not grasp the drift of thought of a Philip of Spain or a Mary of Scotland, who could imperil their thrones for the sake of enforcing doctrines that seemed to her so very trifling, no more than it could understand the zeal of Jesuit missionaries, who traversed her realms with their lives in their hands, or of Puritan sectaries, who, by the practice of their religion, rendered themselves liable to suffer the heaviest penalties, and even torture and death. Elizabeth was thoroughly of the opinion of a French Bishop who lived many generations later—*Surtout pas de zèle*—and thinking thus, spared no means to make her own religion identical with that of the majority of her subjects. She could well sympathise with the saying of her contemporary, Henry IV., "Paris is well worth a Mass!" To Catholics, as emissaries of the Pope or the King of Spain, Puritans, as sowers of sedition and heresy, she showed no mercy, and unremittingly persecuted them in her endeavour to suppress. In this the country at large went with her. The ancestors of Philip Howard had been "religious weather-cocks," his descendants have been equally so. His representative of to-day, it is true, would ungrudgingly accord to him the title given him by his Jesuit confessor, of "the Confessor," or that conferred by Leo XIII., of "Venerable"; but to many of his descendants, his immediate ones in particular, Philip Howard was "Philip the Apostate": as "Philip the Apostate" he incurred the wrath of Elizabeth.

His desertion of the Court, and his subsequent reconciliation with Lady Arundel, had roused against him the royal displeasure, and the royal displeasure was manifested by the imprisonment of Lady Arundel for one year, on account of her religious

views. On her release "the Earl" and his brother determined to be reconciled with the Church of their baptism, and with this intent decided to go to Flanders, there to wait for times less inimical to Catholicism before returning to England. To leave the country, permission had to be obtained from the Government. In trying to get this their design was thwarted. Elizabeth, having got wind of the matter, immediately expressed her intention of visiting the Earl of Arundel in state, at his town house. She was received with every mark of deference and sumptuous hospitality. At the conclusion of her visit the Queen thanked her host for his entertainment, and at the same time informed him he was to regard himself as a prisoner in his own house. The next day Arundel was summoned before the Privy Council, and he was subsequently confined for his religious views. An effort was made to implicate him in Babington's conspiracy to dethrone Elizabeth and place Mary Stuart on the throne of England; but this charge having fallen to the ground, the Earl was released after a confinement in his house for four months. When at large, Arundel incurred much suspicion from his intimacy with one Grateley, and other suspected Jesuits.

All doors were closed against him, and all hope of advancement gone. The royal displeasure marked him as a social pariah. Thus situated, the Earl most unwisely determined once more to try and flee the country. He, however, at the same time resolved to acquaint Elizabeth with his reasons for flight; and to do this wrote a letter, which he entrusted to a messenger with instructions to deliver it at Court when he should have safely left the country. The substance of the letter was as follows: "Wherefore, after I had safely escaped these storms, and when I was clearly delivered from all my troubles, I began to remember the heavy sentence which had lighted on these my ancestors immediately before me." The Earl then speaks of the trial, condemnation, and death of his father, grandfather, and great grandfather, "fearing that such a fate

might for some trivial cause pursue him, seeing that the Queen was ever ready to receive any evil reports against him." He concludes by expressing his deep loyalty to Elizabeth, and by regretting that his religious views were to her synonymous with treason. Unfortunately, the letter was delivered to the Lords in Council before Arundel, delayed by his servants' treachery and contrary winds, could embark; with the result that he was apprehended and conveyed a prisoner to the Tower, 1585.

What must have been the Earl's reflections that first night spent in the walls of the building in which his father and grandfather had passed their last hours—the scene of so much bloodshed, much of it "blood of the Howards." "Good-bye," indeed, "to hope all ye who enter here!"

In the following year (1586) Arundel was arraigned in the "Star Chamber," and accused of the following treasons:

1. Of attempting to leave England without royal licence.
2. Of having perverted to the Romish faith.
3. Of having proposed to a foreign Power to create him "Duke of Norfolk."

The last of these charges could not be proved against him, but of the two former his guilt was clearly evident. The Earl was sentenced to pay £10,000 fine, and remain a prisoner in the Tower during the Queen's pleasure; and Arundel soon learnt that "the Queen's pleasure" was often effected by the satisfaction of her spite against her enemies. The lioness, the queen of beasts, likes to play with her prey before finally crushing them beneath her paws! The place of confinement assigned to Arundel in the Tower was a chamber in that portion of it known as "the Beauchamp Tower"—a tower peculiarly grim with its associations of its many captives. "The good Lord Cobham," Lord Guildford Dudley, his unfortunate wife "the nine days' Queen," "the last hope of the House of York," and many another. Its walls to-day present memorials of the captives whom they have enclosed: memorials of long weary

hours of suspense, eloquent evidences of tyranny and oppression. These walls are still adorned with the handiwork of those who spent many, and often their last, hours within the Beauchamp Tower: of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and his brother, sons of the imperious would-be king-maker, Northumberland; and among other such memorials the word "Jane," carved in stone, the work either of the unfortunate nine days' Queen herself, or of Lord Guildford Dudley. What sad "sermons in stones" these inscriptions are! What a history in themselves of what "the Merry England" meant to many of our forefathers! Some of these inscriptions still remain incomplete, their authors having been called away at their work either to death or to liberty. But of those inscriptions that still remain on the walls of the chambers in Beauchamp's Tower, none are more full of interest than the following touching one:

Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo
Tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro.
Gloria et honore eum coronasti, Domine.
In memoria æterna erit justus.

ARUNDELL, June 22nd, 1587.

Yet another inscription remains as a memorial: an autobiography, as it were, of Arundel's sojourn in this tower, of which the following is the translation:

It is a reproach to be bound in the cause of sin, but to sustain the bonds of prison for Christ's sake is the greatest glory.

ARUNDELL, May 26th, 1589.

During the imprisonment of her husband, Lady Arundel spared no exertions in her endeavour to alleviate his sufferings and the tedium of his captivity. She, indeed, implored Elizabeth to allow her to share the captivity of her lord, but to this request the Queen gave a stern refusal. At this time, from what we gather, the devotion of the Countess to Catholicism was stronger than that of her husband, for we find that she was in a constant state of apprehension that he would be led to renounce the Catholic faith while under the influence of the

Protestant officials in the Tower. To prevent this she spared neither exertion nor expense, for she still retained her properties and those of her husband : he, not having been convicted of felony, retaining his estates. Adjacent to the cell of Lord Arundel there was confined, at the same time, an old priest, by name Bennett. By bribing the jailers, the Countess so contrived that constant access was obtained for Father Bennett into the cell of the Earl.

The author of "Her Majesty's Tower" has adapted to his flowing style a story which was no doubt circulated at the time : that Lord Arundel and Father Bennett, whom he describes as versatile in his religious views—a "Vicar of Bray"—met together as conspirators in furtherance of the success of the Spanish Armada, which Arundel's godfather was then about to despatch against the fleet of Elizabeth. He describes at length a dramatic scene of a Mass celebrated by Bennett in Arundel's cell—in the presence of Gerard, another Romish prisoner—for the success of the Spanish Armada. That Bennett was a despicable creature subsequent events show, but that he was an arch-conspirator there is very little proof ; nor is it at all likely, from the circumstances of the case, that three men, close prisoners in the Tower, could carry on correspondence to make them of danger to the State. That such a charge was brought against Arundel we shall see, but what we know of the man leads us to believe that here again he was more sinned against than sinning, the real conspirators being those who conspired to effect his ruin. As a decoration to the impromptu altar on which this Mass was celebrated, and as an omen of success and a token of assurance, Mr. Dixon says that the concluding words of the first inscription named above, beginning : "*Quanto plus afflictionis,*" etc.; i.e. "*Gloria et honore coronasti,*" etc., to the end, were now added. But this is fiction, or at best tradition, and not history. In the ensuing spring Arundel was again brought before the Privy Council, Bennett

and Gerard (the latter the Catholic fellow-prisoner already mentioned) turning Queen's evidence against the Earl and so shielding themselves behind the more notorious prisoner. The Earl was accused (1) of being privy to the Pope's Bull deposing Elizabeth and conferring England on Philip of Spain, and (2) of causing Mass to be said for the success of the Armada.

Several incidents of the trial are told us. Elizabeth did not wish to take Arundel's life, but rather to avenge herself for the slight he had done to her in leaving the Court, and one convicted of treason could never get off "scot free." Among other questions put to the Earl were: (1) Whether he would support the Queen against a foreign prince. To this he gave an unqualified affirmative; but (2) on the words "foreign prince" being changed for the word "Pope," he refused to answer. In the slipshod fashion of the day Arundel may be said to have been found guilty of high treason. He was condemned to suffer death, and it is then that his adverse critics have accused the Earl of duplicity, this charge resting on a letter which he wrote, after his condemnation, to Elizabeth, begging for her forgiveness, though not for pardon or immunity for the sentence passed on him by his judges; and on a simultaneous letter to his Jesuit confessor, explaining to him that in asking forgiveness from the Queen he did not mean to imply he was guilty of the charges for which he had been condemned, but intended to confess a seeming want of loyalty to the Queen, for which he desired her pardon: an explanation which does not call for the criticisms of certain writers who describe Arundel as "feeble and subtle" on the one hand, "black and base" on the other, especially if we bear in mind his previous letter, in which he regrets Elizabeth's view of his faith as synonymous with treason. Elizabeth, with false and unreal magnanimity, granted Arundel his life, but doomed him to life-long imprisonment and the forfeiture of his estates. More cruel still, the Queen debarred the Earl from even seeing his wife, or his child whom he

had never seen, he having been born since his father's captivity. The demeanour of the poor broken-hearted Earl in the Tower, during his last years, has called forth admiration even from his worst defamers. Totally cut off from the world and the society of men, Arundel did not repine, but devoted himself entirely to pious exercises and the practices of his own religion. His "subtlety" now, indeed, appeared, in the way in which he sought to disguise from his keepers his self-mortification and abstinence. We are told an amusing story in connexion with this fact: that Arundel employed, as a servant, a man of immense appetite, who could consume his master's food as well as his own. The one thought left now to Arundel, apart from religion, was the keen desire to see his wife and infant son. This having been denied him, he set himself, more vigorously than ever, to bear with patience his heavy lot. The offer of Elizabeth to restore him his liberty and forfeited estates, and to grant him once more the intercourse of his wife and child, at the price of his abjuration of his faith, he scornfully rejected. Arundel gradually languished from his hard life and close confinement in the unhealthy Tower, and died, after a captivity of ten years within its walls, on October 19th, 1595: as the chronicler of the time says, *Non sine suspicione veneni*. On this last rumour we place little reliance. We have only to consider how prone all men of the day were to attribute the death of all famous men to poison, and to consider how many were the natural causes which were likely to hasten his end, and we shall assign Arundel's premature death only to his cruel fate, added to his own self-abnegation. The story of his last interview with the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Blount, in which the Earl is reported to have said: "You have showed me and mine hard measures," probably only referred to the needless discomfort and galling restrictions then so often inflicted by jailers on their charges.

The remains of "the Earl" were laid to rest in the Chapel

of "St. Peter ad Vincula" on Tower Green, in the grave which already contained the headless trunk of his father, and beneath the floor under which reposed the remains of so many that were once great and illustrious. As Macaulay says, speaking of this church: "There is no sadder spot on this earth than that little cemetery. . . . Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of Courts."

Even in death the hatred of Elizabeth for the former "ornament of her Court" pursued him to the grave. His funeral was carried out at the meagre expenditure of £4 13s. 4d. The scene of the committal of his body to the grave was marked by the disgraceful conduct of the officiating minister, who in his homily heaped insults on the memory of the unfortunate man. Happily, at length, "praise and blame fell on his ears alike." The remains of Lord Arundel were not long, however, to rest amid a scene of such sad association as St. Peter's Chapel. In the reign of James I. the leave, refused by Elizabeth, was granted to his relatives to remove the Earl's remains to rest with his ancestors. They have later been laid to rest in the Fitzalan Chapel at Arundel, where they are jealously guarded by the Philip Howard of a happier day. The sufferings that Philip, Earl of Arundel, endured for his religious opinions have been recognised in a later day, and his name has long been cherished as one belonging to a man whom the slur of defamers cannot harm. By Protestant Englishmen Arundel has been regarded with admiration, as one who never shirked the path of duty, and who sacrificed all for what he regarded as the true and the just. By his co-religionists Philip Howard has long been regarded as almost a Saint; and two years ago, nearly three centuries after his death, he has been granted the title of "Venerable" by Pope Leo XIII., an initial step to his canonisation.

As we stand in the chamber in which Arundel spent so many weary hours in the Tower, and gaze, as he did, on the inscription he has left as a memorial of his sorrows and his fortitude, we can but regard the words of this as a prophecy partially fulfilled.

"In Memoria Æterna Erit Justus."

HENRY BRADSHAW WHEWOOD.

The Owner of the Threshing Machine.

I.

THE Lordship of Baratine was characteristically Polish, with its farm-buildings going to decay, its insignificant manor-house only one storey in height, the broken windows pasted up with many-coloured papers and clattering with every breath of wind ; the courtyard flooded by a black pool wherein the ducks splashed, coming out with their feathers dyed rather than washed ; its ill-kept stables, its rooms festooned with cob-webs, the furniture shabby and covered with dust. In the garden the snails crawled undisturbed along the grass-grown paths encumbered with dahlias, asters, nettles, and weeds. Sparrows built their nests in the dovecote, and mice frolicked at will about the deserted rooms. In spite of the ruined condition of his surroundings, the proprietor, Valerian Kochanski, in his yellow morocco boots and green velvet dressing-gown, with a long Turkish pipe between his white even teeth, was enjoying his morning coffee, a newspaper open before him, whilst old Basil was brushing a coat hanging from a plaster statue of Flora. The only other denizen of the room was a hound, who lay asleep before the bright fire burning on the large open hearth.

Valerian Kochanski, the proprietor of Baratine, was still a young man, tall and distinguished looking ; while his dark eyes had an expression at once sweet and masterful. Rumour gave the Lord of Baratine the reputation of a gay Lothario, while at the same time acknowledging in him a superior intelligence and an excellent disposition. He had been an orphan many years, had no brother, sister, or other relations, and his whole family consisted of the old servant and the old dog.

The first of these faithful retainers had gradually usurped the place of both father and mother : it was he who spent his leisure in knitting woollen stockings for his master, and insisted upon his wearing them in the winter ; and if, despite his precautions, Valerian caught cold out hunting, it was old Basil who ordered him off to bed and severely administered hot herb drinks. But the greatest talent the old man possessed was a capacity for preaching sermons ; and, it must be owned, his master gave him many opportunities for exercising it. Had he lost a large sum at play, run into fresh debt, or fought a duel, Basil was always equal to the occasion ; and when the delinquent had retired to rest would stand at the foot of the bed and pour forth major and minor lamentations.

This morning Basil had twice asked his master, who was reading the paper, "Well, where are the Russians?" without receiving any answer, and was about to repeat the question, when a knocking, which sounded at once importunate and timid, was heard at the door. "Come in," cried the master. The door opened just wide enough to reveal a lean, tall Jew, who hesitated at the entrance. His full trousers were gathered into high boots, and the round cap, called "yarmouka," peculiar to his race, covered his forehead, over which fell two greasy curls ; he was wrapped in a voluminous black wool caftan, which only allowed his yellow face, with a beak-like nose, on either side of which glittered his small, restless eyes, to be seen. He stepped hesitatingly over the threshold, giving a deep sigh, and was closely followed by a second Jew, chiefly remarkable for a nose shaped like a potato, who in his turn was pushed into the room by a third Israelite of a very different aspect. He was hardly more than twenty-five, dapper and curly, with a red shawl bound round his silk pelisse, trimmed with fur ; his splendid black beard and almond-shaped eyes proclaimed him a true Oriental. Again the door opened, but wider this time, and admitted a large individual, abnormally fat, with red hair. This last Jew

closed the door, and joined the others, who now stood in a row with joined hands, and all sighed deeply.

Kochanski took no notice for some time, then he put down his newspaper, lighted his pipe afresh, and asked :

"What do you want ?"

"To wish you good day," answered the first comer, who was called the Cracovian.

"May God bless your Lordship !" said the second Jew.

"We wish to inquire after your health," added the young dandy.

"What is the good of all this talk, rascals ?" interrupted Basil ; "what you all really want is money."

"Who does not want that ?" murmured the dandy, stroking down the fur of his pelisse.

"Mr. Basil has doubtless not slept well ?" whispered Sonnen-
glanz, the fat usurer.

"What is it you do want ?" repeated Valerian.

"Want ! We would not presume to want ! No, we only ask humbly——"

"What ? I have no money."

At this all the Jews sighed more profoundly than before.

"If you cannot repay us the capital——"

"The capital !"—here Valerian burst out laughing—"Repay you the capital ! I ? Why what do you take me for ?"

"We take you for an honest man, my Lord," here put in the owner of the potato nose, "as sure as I call myself Abraham Smaragd."

"I hope so," replied Valerian drily.

"If your Lordship would only deign to pay us the interest," insinuated the youngest usurer.

"The interest, my dear Weinreb, you might as well ask for the capital at once," laughed the old servant.

"Then, alas ! we have no other prospect than to die of hunger."

"Oh, yes, of hunger," continued Basil, mockingly, as he lifted up a corner of the handsome pelisse; "but certainly not of cold: you won't freeze, Mr. Weinreb. How much has this superb fur cost you?"

"My Lord, we have counted upon receiving at least our interest, and it is impossible to wait any longer. The times are hard——"

"Very hard," interrupted Valerian; "that is why I can pay you neither capital nor interest. You know the state of my property; it is mortgaged up to the hilt, it is tumbling to pieces, and in order to live I have to incur fresh debts. What do you demand? Do you want to appeal to the law?"

At this the creditors exclaimed, as with one voice, "Go to law! How could you think that?"

"You are quite at liberty to seize my furniture."

"Your Lordship condescends to jest," said Sonnenglanz softly. "Who is thinking of such a thing, and what good would it do? We have only settled amongst ourselves that if nothing can be done we would suggest a means——"

"A means?"

"Of a kind which will satisfy your creditors if your Lordship will but do your own part towards it; in fact, there is a way of arranging everything——"

"By what miracle? You must have lost your wits!"

"I could tell you of a certain proprietor who by the aid of his creditors was relieved from his embarrassments, thanks to a wealthy marriage."

"Oh, you wish me to marry!"

"We marry, we?" repeated old Basil; and master and man laughed till the tears ran out of their eyes.

"Would that not be better than seizing the furniture?"

"But I don't want to marry," said our hero.

"The wish will come with the opportunity," said Abraham Smaragd. "An old bachelor is only half a man; husband and

wife form the complete man ; and when you have children, my Lord, what joy, what pride ! Imagine the little Lord holding out his arms to you for the first time from his cradle, and when he says 'Papa,' yes when he says 'Papa'—but these things can't be expressed. I am only a poor Jew, but for whom do I toil, trade, speculate, run about from morning till night, if not for my little ones ?”

“Perhaps you have a wife in view for us,” suggested Basil, who was still brushing his master's coat.

“With your permission, yes, Mr. Basil.”

“Who is it ?” asked Valerian. “I am curious to know.”

“Well, at Zhorow there is a young lady of quality,” began the Cracovian.

“Rich, enormously rich,” continued Sonnenglanz.

“Two villages, and magnificent forests,” added Abraham Smaragd.

“And what a woman !” concluded the dandy Weinreb, “beautiful as an angel !”

“Are you speaking of the widow of Baron Kasparovitch ?” exclaimed Valerian.

“Just so. My Lady the Baroness——”

“Do you know she was a dancer ? That the Baron——”

“He married her,” said the Cracovian in a conciliatory tone.

“And you dare to propose that I should marry such a person as that !” cried Valerian furiously ; and seizing a stick he threw himself on the poor Jews, who fled behind the tables and chairs, and jumped nimbly about the room in spite of their long black caftans.

“May God forgive us,” gasped the fat Sonnenglanz, when he got out of reach ; “it was only a joke ——”

“A sorry joke,” cried Valerian pausing.

“May Heaven punish us if we ever had the slightest intention of offending your Lordship !”

“Amen. I will spare your skins this time ; but woe to you if you don't find me a worthier wife.”

"We will find her," cried the creditors in chorus.

"Good ; but what girl would take me for a husband, what parents would accept me for a son-in-law ?"

"You might as well ask why should the sun shine," insinuated Weinreb ; "a nobleman so handsome, so generous, so graceful."

"But my bad reputation, my poverty ?"

"Let us act : we will arrange to regild the estate, the house, the reputation of your Lordship ; we will find the wife, we will give you a dowry. Your Lordship has nothing to do but to get married."

"All right, that is agreed."

Once safe outside the door the Jews put their heads together and rejoiced at the result of their stratagem.

"I never thought he would have given in so quickly," said Sonnenglanz.

"Did I not always tell you he was a man of honour ?" whined Smaragd.

"Gold in the ore," said Weinreb to the Cracovian, "gold in the ore."

II.

A WEEK passed and then another, and gradually the owner of Baratine forgot all about the absurd marriage project, when one day Mr. Weinreb appeared, his black locks, satin breeches, pelisse, and boots all in a high state of polish, and with a smile on his face that was expressive of unutterable things.

"Oh, what news do *you* bring ?" said Valerian, who at the moment was busy feeding some birds which flew against the double casement.

"We have divided the labour amongst us."

"What labour ?"

"Why the marriage."

"Well, what of it ?"

"As I said, we have each taken our share of the work.

Sonnenglanz has charge of the debts ; the Cracovian of the dowry. Smaragd looks after the estate, while your humble servant has gone in search of the bride."

"Wisely distributed ! And what success have you had up to now?"

"I have attained my object," answered Weinreb smiling, "I have found the bride."

"That is something ; but I would ask you to reflect well before telling me her name."

"Oh, this time there is no need for reflection," replied the young Jew confidently, "I have discovered a match in every way worthy. Judge yourself: she is young, lovely, purity itself, rich, of good family, clever, and as learned as a rabbi ; altogether without a blemish, a being to adore."

"And her name is——?"

"You doubtless know her."

"Her name—quick."

"But—she is German," said the Jew, retreating towards the door.

"That doesn't matter. The Germans are better instructed, and, therefore, better managers than the Poles."

"She is a von Festenburg."

"What an idea !"

The Jew had one foot outside the door when Valerian cried :
"Stay here, don't run away, imbecile !"

"You shouted so fiercely."

"Because you haven't shown even common sense in your choice."

"Your Lordship is difficult to please."

"Ass that you are ! She wouldn't have me ; she is one of the best matches in the country. Besides, I don't know them."

"On the other hand I, Weinreb, do. Let me act in the matter and she shall be your wife without the aid of witchcraft."

"First, I must see the lady."

"Behold her!" cried the money-lender as he triumphantly drew a photograph out of his girdle. "What do you say now? If you are not satisfied you have no taste."

"A beautiful girl, I confess," answered Valerian, contemplating the portrait; "but I must see her myself, or else I cannot decide."

"You can see her at once," said Weinreb.

"How? Do you carry her about with you?"

"You shall see. But she must not see you, or all will be lost."

"How so?"

"Don't you understand? The father is a practical man; he will observe you, will examine your property when all is in order, and will give his consent. But the young lady is a different matter. She has read a great many novels and poems, and is a romantic child with whom it will be necessary to act a part, unless you like to bring things to a crisis by some heroic deed."

"What do you mean by that?" said Valerian, laughing heartily.

"Imagine the young lady in a sleigh, the horses take fright and run away, and you save her life."

"If I waited for an accident like that——"

"Or, better still, the Castle of Herr von Festenburg takes fire," interrupted Weinreb.

"Rascal! You are quite capable of setting it on fire."

"Believe me, an occasion will present itself. Meanwhile, you must be content just to see your future wife. I am Herr von Festenburg's steward, and Miss Helena has commissioned me to get her some skates from Lemberg. I have them here; and if you will disguise yourself as a Jew, for which I have brought the necessary dress, I will take you in my sleigh to Kosciolka, where you can see the young lady skating on the Castle lake."

After a short pause Valerian said: "Well, let us go;" and

Weinreb lost no time in transforming him into the outward semblance of one of his co-religionists, saying, as he contemplated Valerian in the black caftan, and with his hair greased and curled, that no one would take his Lordship for anything but a rabbi, and one handsome enough to turn the heads of wives and daughters alike.

After two hours' drive they arrived at Kosciolka, where Weinreb entered the Castle with the skates, leaving Valerian in charge of the horses. Weinreb soon reappeared, and Valerian, peeping through a rent in the canvas covering of the sleigh, saw he was followed by a tall, slim girl, dressed in grey silk, with a tight-fitting coat of blue velvet trimmed with chinchilla, her golden waves of hair covered by a cap of the same materials. They went towards the lake, and, sitting down, she held out her daintily-shod foot for Weinreb to fasten on the skates. This was too much for our susceptible hero. Forgetting his oiled locks and caftan, he sprang from the sleigh and, pushing Weinreb on one side, knelt down before the girl, who started back in surprise.

"What does this Jew want?" she asked.

"He wishes to fasten the gracious lady's skates," answered Weinreb, who was too startled to think of any other excuse.

The beautiful girl shrugged her shoulders, and disdainfully placed her foot on the knee of the man before her; and the Lord of Baratine, the renowned conqueror of female hearts, could only fasten the skates in silence, for which she thanked him with a haughty inclination of her pretty head, and then flew lightly as a bird across the ice.

"What do you say now?" whispered Weinreb to the disguised and discomfited wooer, who stood staring after the radiant vision.

For a few moments Valerian did not answer, then he said vehemently: "She, and none other, shall be my wife!"

"At last; Heaven be praised! You speak like a book. This

is the first act of the play ; in a month we will have the wedding."

III.

THE evening of the day on which Valerian returned from Kosciolka over head and ears in love, according to Weinreb's report, the four conspirators, after drinking to the health of Valerian, Helena, and themselves, determined to set at once to work.

Sonnenglanz, whose persuasive tongue was celebrated, cajoled and threatened the various creditors until he succeeded in buying up all the debts and settling them with much profit to himself, while Smaragd did wonders in the way of restoring Baratine to its pristine splendour. A whole army of workmen soon entirely renovated the place, which was refurnished ; the gardens were put into order, and the whole work was crowned by the purchase of a steam plough and threshing machine for the farm. Soon the neighbourhood was talking of this model estate, and speculating how Kochanski had come by the money ; some opining that he had been left a large legacy, others that he had won it at play, while the peasants whispered amongst themselves that probably he had found a hidden treasure. The news soon reached Herr von Festenburg. A threshing machine ! For ten years he had been dreaming of one. A steam plough ! Why, that was his ideal. The old gentleman could not settle to anything, and, on leaving the house, met Levi Weinreb.

"Have you seen it ?" he asked.

"Seen what, my Lord ?"

"The threshing machine. What else could I mean ?"

"A threshing machine ? Where should I see such a wonderful thing ?"

"At Baratine, I suppose."

"Is it possible ?" cried the Jew, feigning the greatest surprise. "If that is so M. Kochanski must have become terribly rich to acquire a threshing machine——"

"And also a steam plough," interrupted von Festenburg.

"A steam plough?" stammered Weinreb.

"Even so."

"It must be near the end of the world!" said the Jew, as if gasping for breath. "But Mr. Valerian can afford such luxuries better than anyone; there is a man for you, clever—admirable," continued Weinreb, rubbing his ear. "He is pure gold—a diamond, a pearl!"

"You used not to speak of him in such terms."

"May Heaven punish me!" exclaimed Weinreb, "if I ever lied about him."

"Be calm, I may have misunderstood."

"Oh, if I dared speak!"

"Up to now you have never asked permission."

"If I might speak fearlessly and quite frankly I would say, behold a husband for my young lady, your daughter; or, rather, if I were Herr von Festenburg, I would give my child to none but him. They would be a well-matched couple, twin pearls!"

Herr von Festenburg coughed gently, a sign of approbation which encouraged Weinreb to suggest, bowing with the greatest respect:

"What would his Lordship say to going to Baratine and seeing the machines for himself?"

Von Festenburg coughed again, and not long afterwards his sleigh stopped at the entrance to Baratine where his arrival was not unexpected.

Valerian received his future father-in-law with the winning grace for which he was distinguished, and courteously did the honours of "the marvels of the world," as Weinreb called the agricultural machines. Von Festenburg was astounded, sighed, admired, and envied. He gazed approvingly at the new furniture, tasted the cognac and Tokay, smoked a meerschaum pipe, and was conquered.

Valerian seized the bull by the horns.

"You have a charming daughter, Herr von Festenburg."

The father made the deprecating gesture politeness required.

"Without flattery, Miss Helena is very beautiful."

"She will pass."

"She is also clever and amiable."

"She is a good child."

"I have seen her only once at a distance, perhaps to my misfortune."

"Why to your misfortune?"

"Perhaps," continued Valerian; "for I believe, nay I know, I love your daughter."

"You do us too much honour," murmured the amazed father.

"Yes, I love her, and I humbly ask you for her hand."

"But——"

"Do not drive me to despair," supplicated the owner of the threshing machine.

"Listen," replied Herr von Festenburg, filling up a glass of Tokay; "I will not conceal from you that you please me, and that you need fear no refusal on my part."

"Then I am the happiest of men," exclaimed Valerian.

"That is to say you have *my* consent. I look at matters from one point of view, my daughter looks at them from another. You will have to consider hers, you understand——" and here the father looked intently at the glass of Tokay.

"I have heard of Miss Helena's caprices; the passing whims of a girl."

"Oh, I don't doubt you will win her heart," said Herr von Festenburg; "but, for Heaven's sake, never betray that you woo her with my consent, or your cause would be hopeless."

"Leave me alone to act," said the scapegrace, with his irresistible smile.

"I have every confidence in your powers of pleasing; but, believe me, it will not suffice for Helena to be in ignorance of

our compact. You will have to marry her in spite of us, as they do in the romances."

"Agreed." The two accomplices shook hands, when Herr von Festenburg added :

"Then there is her mother ; she has a suitor in her mind who pretends to a great deal of piety."

"Is this comedy absolutely necessary ?" said Valerian, after some reflection.

"Indispensable if you wish to gain Helena ; besides, her mother's opposition will only make her more determined in your favour."

"And I may count upon your aid ?"

"Entirely, the adventure amuses me. Spare nothing—moonlight, rope ladder, serenade——"

"You omit a duel with my rival."

"Why should you not place yourself at the head of a band of brigands ?"

"The idea is ingenious. Surprise the Castle and carry off Miss Helena."

"Capital !" cried Herr von Festenburg, "I have a red cloak I could lend you for the occasion."

IV.

THE VON FESTENBURGS were at breakfast. The mistress of the house—a short, stout, red-faced woman—was presiding at the *Samovar*, while Helena was cutting bread and butter with elegant languor, looking, in her white cashmere morning robe with its floating pale blue ribbons, like a figure stepped out of a picture by Watteau.

Her father, who had been reading his paper, grumbled to Weinreb, who had just come in and was warming himself at the stove : "Your news doesn't amount to much this morning."

"I had something to say," answered Weinreb, "but I can't just now remember what it was."

"You will think of it by-and-bye," said Madame von Festenburg. Helena was humming an Italian air, when the Jew exclaimed: "I have it now," so loudly that the elder lady dropped the sugar tongs, saying: "How you startled me!"

"Pardon, I just recollected. Miss Helena wanted an Italian master."

"Certainly," answered Helena, "I want one for the language and for music."

"Well, I have found one."

"A steady person, I hope," said the mother.

"Quite steady, but rather young."

"That would hardly do," put in the father.

Now this opposition of her parents roused Helena's spirit of contradiction, and she insisted upon hearing further details.

"He is the son of a noble family who have been ruined by the revolution, and exiled from his own country the poor young man is forced to gain a livelihood by teaching," said the Jew.

After some demur on the side of her parents, Helena got her own way, and Valerian Kochanski was presented to the mother and daughter under the name of Giuseppe Scarlatti, and soon succeeded in making a favourable impression upon the younger lady. The lessons took place in the afternoon, but somehow the teacher found himself staying on at Kosciolka much longer than his duties demanded. He behaved with the greatest reserve towards his pupil, which had the desired effect of rousing Helena's curiosity, and in the end a warmer feeling. When one morning Weinreb announced that the Signor Scarlatti was too unwell to leave his room her disappointment and anxiety were so evident that her father, delighted with the result of his plot, consented to her request to visit her teacher and report as to his condition.

Herr von Festenburg, on his arrival at Baratine, attacked Valerian with the words:

"Your love seems to have cooled."

"No, indeed," answered the young man; "if you but knew how much I love her! It is the first time I have been really in love, for all that has gone before is as a painted fire to a real one. Even at the risk of making her unhappy I could not keep up this disguise much longer, and now her anxiety about me reveals all I wished to know."

"Then you will return with me now?"

"Certainly."

On seeing Valerian, Helena could hardly conceal her joy, nor did he appear less moved. As she was preparing for the lesson she looked shyly at him, saying: "You have been ill?"

"I am so still."

"Oh I am so sorry. Perhaps you ought not to have come."

"I ought not to have come and must not come again."

"That must be as you please," she said carelessly.

"I do not think I deserve you should say that," answered Valerian.

"What else do you wish me to do?"

"I ask, at all events, for your compassion."

Helena looked at him, but said nothing; and he continued:

"I am in love——"

The blood flew to Helena's face. "Yes, in love with a woman whom I can never call mine."

"Is she married, then?"

"No; but when I tell you that she is the sole heiress of a wealthy house you will understand why my love is hopeless."

"I don't see why."

"It is a point of honour. No, I must never more enter this house."

"Our house?"

"Yes, yours," cried Valerian, "because it is you whom I love, whom I adore!" and he fell on his knees.

At this moment the door opened, and Herr von Festenburg and his wife entered, followed by Weinreb, who was talking eagerly. The Jew was saying:

"I tell both your Excellencies, and I repeat it before my gracious young mistress, that there is no better match in the country than Valerian Kochanski, of Baratine: a wealthy land-owner, a noble cavalier, in fine, perfection. I only wish the excellent young Lord could hear me."

Helena looked scornfully at the Jew while her mother answered: "Do not speak to me of your Kochanski, his character is well known; he——" Here her eyes fell on Valerian, who, before her astonishment and indignation found voice, fled from the room, followed by Weinreb.

Once outside, the Jew disappeared. Valerian, not in the best of humours, went in search of his sleigh, and was just starting his horses when Weinreb reappeared, accompanied by a figure muffled up in furs. Weinreb stopped the horses, and the figure stood revealed.

"Helena," cried Valerian, falling at her feet, "Helena, you forgive me?"

"Yes," said the girl, giving him her hand, "because I return your love, and am willing to be your wife."

Weinreb was discreetly busied with the horses, and when Valerian's raptures allowed Helena to disengage her hand she disappeared into the Castle.

V.

HELENA, on her return from Valerian, found the quarrel between her parents still raging.

"You must be blind," said Madame von Festenburg to her husband, "not to see what a pass things have come to between Helena and the Italian!"

"Does she not make progress?" asked the father, smiling.

"Progress! The intriguer!"

"Calm yourself," interposed Herr von Festenburg, "if you are speaking of Signor Scarlatti, I confess I have no hankering after a son-in-law who has neither house nor land."

"The best way will be to get rid of him politely," answered

his wife, delighted to find him on her side, "and to marry this wrong-headed child to M. Aloys."

"To M. Aloys!" cried Helena, "never."

"Aloys is a man of honour," answered her mother.

"Tush, tush!" interposed Herr von Festenburg. "You are both right and yet both wrong—take the middle way——"

"And that is?"

"Valerian Kochanski."

"An incorrigible flirt and trifler!" cried Helena.

"How do you know that is true? He is as young and as good-looking as your Italian, and," turning to his wife, "as much a man of honour as your Aloys, besides being a wealthy land-owner."

"No, no," said the girl, "a thousand times, no!"

"Reflect, child, upon the honourable position you will secure by this marriage. His house is delightful, he has a threshing machine——"

But Helena would hear no more; putting her hands over her ears she fled from the room.

After parting with Helena, Valerian determined to bring matters to a crisis. He sent a letter to Helena by the Jew, in which he begged her to fly with him the next night. The girl was distracted between her real affection for her parents and her fear, increased by Weinreb's gloomy forebodings, at being offered up a matrimonial victim to either Kochanski or Aloys. After a long struggle she yielded to Weinreb's persuasions, and promised to meet Valerian and to accompany him to a small roadside chapel, where arrangements for the marriage had been made. With beating heart Helena came to the trysting-place, and Valerian, without a word, lifted her into his sleigh that was awaiting them.

After two hours' drive the runaways arrived at a large group of buildings, and, in answer to Valerian's shouts, an old man opened the door. Still in silence Valerian lifted out Helena,

and drawing her hand through his arm led her into a charming room, where he placed her in a low chair by the fire.

"Where are we?" at last said Helena, to whom the whole proceeding seemed like a dream.

Valerian paced up and down the room without speaking; for the first time in his life he felt afraid of a woman. The poor fellow had learned to love Helena with all his heart, and now the time had come he shrunk from owning his deception.

"Listen to me," he said at last, and his voice trembled; "the only favour I ask is that you will hear all I have to say before you pronounce sentence upon me. You think you have followed a foreigner whose poverty you were willing to share because you are noble and generous, a woman such as I thought poets only imagined. It is true I am as poor, and worse in every other way—but I am not Scarlatti."

"You are not—continue."

"Helena, we are at Baratine, and I am Valerian Kochanski, the flirt and trifler you detest."

"You are Valerian?" Helena rose hastily and put out a trembling hand for her cloak—"you have deceived me——"

"I heard your beauty praised," continued Valerian, "your talents and also your romantic notions. My reputation was not of the best. Why should I subject myself to the pain of an open refusal? Do you remember the Polish Jew who fastened on your skates? I was that Jew. I entered your parents' house as a poor Italian teacher: you know the rest. It is now for you to decide. If you can feel no pity for me, at least try not to despise one who without you has lost all hope. You have revealed to him the possibilities of a new life, and with your compassionate hand to support him he would have strength to persevere in good. You are my judge, and I await the sentence upon which my life depends."

Helena replied by taking both his hands in her own, and laying her head on his shoulder. "I have been no better than

you," she sobbed ; "but we will try and help each other in the future."

When the elopement was discovered, as it was almost immediately, Madame von Festenburg went into hysterics ; but her heartless husband declared, "My daughter has my blessing."

"Your blessing," cried his wife ; "you can bless her marriage with an unknown adventurer, who is, perhaps, a brigand in disguise !"

"Nonsense ; I know him well," was the exasperating answer.

"You know him ? Perhaps you are an accomplice of this robber !"

"He is not a robber, but an honest, landed gentleman, who is the owner of a threshing machine and a steam plough."

"A threshing machine—Scarlatti ?"

"He is not Scarlatti."

"Who is he then ?"

"Valerian Kochanski, Lord of Baratine."

"Oh !" Madame von Festenburg went off into fresh hysterics after crying out : "You have given your child to a prodigal, a profligate !"

In the midst of the uproar Valerian arrived with the fugitive, whom he placed in her mother's arms. At this unexpected event, Madame von Festenburg was quite overcome, and, after clasping her daughter to her heart, consented to bless the young couple.

So the wedding took place at Kosciolka. Smaragd, Sonnenglanz, Weinreb, and the Cracovian were profuse in their congratulations to the newly-married pair ; and Valerian, at least, was convinced of their sincerity.

S. MASOCH.

Reminiscences of John Henry Newman.

WHAT I admired in dear John Henry Newman the most was his humility. When I took leave of him at Littlemore in December, 1841, this beautiful virtue struck me more than any other. Not one word of reproach to me for taking the bit into my mouth and running off like a wild colt before he moved : "God bless you," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder. Dr. Bliss, the public orator of the University, lashed me in the *Oxford Journal* for my presumption ; and the late Mr. Seagar, University Professor of Hebrew, showed me, twenty years after, how they had all been walking over my grave, whilst I was in my novitiate near Ghent. Father (now Canon) Bernard Smith, of St. Peter's, Marlow, and I are the two veterans of that time, for I preceded Dr. Newman, Archdeacon Manning, the Wilberforces, Towry Law, and all, by some few years ; so that dear old Frederick Oakeley, of Balliol and Islington, used to call me "Monsieur le Doyen des Convertis."

After that I saw Newman at Edgbaston once ; and I kissed his hand as he came down from preaching James Hope-Scott's funeral sermon at Farm Street—a model of extempore eloquence surpassing in beauty anything I ever heard. When I seized his hand he held it down like a vice, disliking, as he did, demonstrations of every sort. But I come to the point. Here is his beautiful humility expressed in a letter to me, when he had, as he thought, brought obloquy or trouble upon the Bristol Fathers, S.J., by recommending a young lady to go to them for advice.* This is the Cardinal's letter :

* This young lady, in trouble about her soul, wrote for advice to Cardinal Newman, who answered her : "When you come to the question what your

The Oratory, December 23rd, 1882.

Dear Father Grant,—I owe you and your Fathers at Bristol an apology in neglecting last July, when I advised a young Protestant woman to ask direction of one of your Fathers, to write to you and to tell you what I had done. I can only say in excuse that I have so many letters to write that I get confused, and in this way I forgot to do what was evidently the proper course. Had I written, I should have said that I was pleased with her letter, but that I had no right to suppose that I could form a judgment so trustworthy as one who had actually seen her, and who had, as your Fathers have, such experience of inquirers and converts. If I have given you any trouble I am very sorry and ask your pardon; and wishing you the best blessings of the sacred season, am,

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

Another note, which is in my keeping, was not written to me, but to old John Gooch, the antique librarian and old-book seller, living in the 'forties in Dean's Yard, Westminster, and known as a "Dryasdust" to every Oxford man fifty years ago. I will say more of him, after quoting Cardinal Newman's letter, written from Maryvale in the early days of his Catholicity:

My dear Mr. Gooch,—I was not at all unmindful of your former letter, and I did not answer it simply because it was most painful to me, as it is now, to write you how little I could offer to do for you, and from a vague idea that waiting might mend matters. It does really distress me very much to receive such accounts from you. As to direct assistance, we are unable even to support ourselves, and I do not know how we are to

duty is at this time, my answer is not so easy. I consider that a stranger to you cannot give you satisfactory advice. You should have recourse to some priest on the spot; put your whole case before him, and go by his judgment. The Father Jesuits, for instance, are sure to be careful and experienced priests, and they would, on talking to you, decide whether, young as you are, and dependent, I suppose, on your father, it would be advisable for you at once to undergo the great trial of breaking with him. Our Lord tells us 'to count the cost.' The change of religion is a most serious step, and must not be taken without great preparation by meditation and prayer." Under the title of "Proselytism," a Suffolk rector forwarded the Cardinal's letter to the *Times* as addressed to "a motherless schoolgirl of sixteen." No wonder the Jesuits had been expelled from France, he said, for "This is not Christianity: this is not common humanity!"

manage to get through the year, as in this house alone (to say nothing of St. Wilfrid's and other places) we are sixteen in family. As to aiding you in finding some employment, here, too, we have no friends and no openings. If you could suggest what you are thinking of, we would do our best to turn it in our minds ; but I grieve to say you are applying to those who are not in a situation to be of use to you. I should like much to buy some of your books, but I have not the means. Will you let me know what your *individual* wants are, since you speak indefinitely ? With the kindest remembrances of your friends here, yours very truly,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Pr. of the Orat.

John Gooch became a Catholic soon after Newman ; and though Newman could not assist him in his struggles for existence, my Provincial (Father Lythgoe) allowed me to send him £100, and despatched him to America to become librarian to the Archbishop of Baltimore. Here he remained for some years until the poor fellow began to read the mystical twaddle of Swedenborg, and got into a mist of doubt ; then he came back to England, and lodged up to his death at Christchurch, near Bournemouth, attended by his dear daughter, Rachel Gooch—Sister Mary de' Pazzi, of the Bermondsey Convent. She summoned me to her father ; I reconciled him, and gave him all the last Sacraments, and buried him myself in the cemetery at Christchurch. John Gooch cannot be separated from John H. Newman ; I have always thought that his simple conversation and convictions had great weight with the late Cardinal (in those early days he studied Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" and his "Consolations" with Newman). Gooch's mind was as beautiful as his face, and that was ethereal. His temporary Swedenborgian cloud did not affect the one nor the other.

IGNATIUS GRANT, S.J.

The Three Eights:

A LETTER FROM CARDINAL MANNING:
AND A FRENCHMAN'S MEDITATION THEREON.

Archbishop's House,
1890.

DEAR M. HARMEL,

I hope I may congratulate all the members of the "Cercles catholiques d'ouvriers" and their chiefs on the peaceful Festival of Labour of the first of May.

Since the year 1848 we have had no such united movement throughout Europe. Then it was political and revolutionary; to-day it is industrial and peaceful. A few acts of unhappy disorder here and there cannot stain the just cause of the millions who in every land are orderly and calm.

That there is an absolute need to elevate and lighten the labours of men, so that their lives may be human and domestic, no man can doubt. That the long hours of labour, not of men only, but even of women, and the uncertainty of sufficient wages, render impossible the duties and the charities of home, in our great centres of industry, is self-evident.

Human society needs not the imaginary "economic man" of political economists, but the real breathing human being, the man of the family of Adam, the first toiler, in all the sympathies and dignities of our humanity.

Three vital conditions are needed for the happiness and welfare of those who live by labour. The first is faith in God and obedience

to His law. The second is human sympathy between the employers and the employed. The third is a known proportion between profits and wages, so that both employers and employed shall see that their interests are common and their prosperity indivisible.

Of this no nobler example can be found than the works of M. Harmel, father and son, as I believe, which I have been lately reading, and of the "*Cercles catholiques d'ouvriers*" of France, under the guidance of the Comte Albert de Mun and of his devoted colleagues.

Let me ask you to convey these words of mine to your Association, and may every blessing be with you all. Believe me, dear M. Harmel, your devoted servant,

HENRY EDWARD, CARD. MANNING,

Archbishop of Westminster.

It is to the new French review, the *Vingtième Siècle*,* that M. Harmel entrusted this letter for its first publication *in extenso*. Some months have now passed since it was written; but there is nothing to regret in the lapse of time. On the contrary; time is but a new factor in our admiration. For certain words, for certain steps, for certain acts—*acta* in the sense of beliefs put into form—deliberation is of more effect than even the actuality of the impression. Besides, in publicity this actuality, this *quotidianism*, if it is the triumph of *information* is often the ruin of *education*. After producing, for its greater honour, the letter of the English Cardinal in the original, we have translated it cautiously—we had almost said phlegmatically; and we shall take it thought by thought, and text by text; we shall distil it. It is a Prince of the Church who has communicated to another of our teachers his feeling upon a question most grave and complex. Between the greeting and the signature the letter

* The following "soliloquy," as its author calls it—necessarily somewhat shortened in the translating—attests the respect with which the French writer, full of generous sympathy with the less fortunate among mankind, has studied the intention of the English Cardinal.

contains a strong love—a violent love—for the Church and for the people. What can be for the disciple more simple, more inviting, more suggestive, than to study this for a time and to gain courage therefrom?

I.

"I hope I may congratulate all the members of the 'Cercles catholiques d'ouvriers' and their chiefs on the peaceful Festival of Labour of this first of May."

Let us imagine Cardinal Manning, burdened with labours and with years, at the beginning of that strange first of May, appointed long beforehand by a word of international command that had more Christian authority than it knew; a day desired by some as a dawn of understanding, dreaded by others as a signal of plot and revolt; a day blessed by the unfortunate; a day cursed by the cowardly; a day hailed by men of honest heart; a day that forced men of many and various minds into many and various attitudes in their awaiting of it: the attitude of peace and the attitude of resistance; the attitude of tact and touch and the attitude of the doubled fist; the attitude of closed shop-shutters, and the attitude of "Come on and go a-head." What the day proved to be, in the ethnologic variety of its incidents, from the hills of Scotland to the Australian plains, is not the question. As well might we ask what is the germ in the root of a plant. The green herb and the fruitful tree have their seed in themselves, we read. No; it might seem, but it was not, a realisation of Shakspeare's phrase "Much ado about nothing." It was rather "Very little ado about much." But even supposing that there was nothing to be heard on this "peaceful Festival of Labour" except a buzzing—the buzz of a little strike a day long, a kind of Sunday-clothes strike, a moderate strike for moderate repose; nevertheless, Cardinal Manning has given the event a name and a Catholic interest, and Catholics must deal with it.

Like, then, the course of the sun marking out the eight hours of a working day, the liturgy of the Roman Church, so truly called by St. Benedict *opus Dei*, goes daily round the world. The Catholic priesthood, sowing unweariedly the good seed of happy tidings among black men and red and yellow, as well as amongst us who have the privilege of being comparatively white, makes perpetual intercession for human misery—intercession rightly known by the name of “the holy mysteries.” None the less wonderful are those mysteries because they take place every day, without pause, without interruption. And every international act or enterprise that is not formed upon that example, fails in something. Every morning every priestly mouth in the world, from that of the supreme pastor to that of the most obscure monk, of the most remote missionary, pronounces, with meditation, the same prayers, varying day by day, that accompany the unvarying Sacrifice of the Mass. We know, then, the prayers that Cardinal Manning had said and pondered on the morning of his letter to M. Harmel.

And what were they? Let us glance at the Introit, at the Epistle, and at the Gospel. When a powerful impulse seizes us at our waking, it is a good thought to take it with our prayers before the altar. The ordering of our interior disposition cannot be accomplished but in “the council and assembly of the Saints.” At the Introit of the Mass of the first of May we read: “Lord, they have cried to Thee in the time of their affliction, and Thou hast heard them from the height of Heaven.” At the Epistle: “Then shall the just stand with great constancy against those that have afflicted them and taken away their labours. . . . Saying within themselves, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit: These are they whom we had sometime in derision, and for a parable of reproach. We fools esteemed their life madness, and their end without honour. Behold now they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the Saints” (Wisdom v.) At the

Gospel: "Let not your heart be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in Me. In My Father's house there are many mansions. If not, I would have told you, that I go to prepare a place for you. No man cometh to the Father but by Me. Believe you not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? Otherwise, believe for the very works' sake. Amen, amen, I say unto you he that believeth in Me, the works that I do, he also shall do, and greater than these shall he do, because I go to the Father. I will not leave you orphans."

Assuredly, the theory of indefinite progress, progress that hastens ever and owns no pause, is a false conception, for it denies human liberty. Even if the record of ages did not refute this Utopia by the vicissitudes of civilisation, the idea would be none the less tinged with a kind of heresy of fatalism. But no less fatalistic is it to proclaim a universal decadence, without a possibility of renovation or of return, by the grace of God, to the serene heights of social order. It is in the equilibrium of the two ideas that is found the virtue of discretion—of that tact of judgment expressed in the benediction of a Bishop's gloves at his consecration—"*manus discretionis insignitas*." We shall understand, therefore, how Cardinal Manning begins his letter by a wish that may seem slightly optimistic to hesitating minds, but that to the wise must be no more than just.

II.

"Since the year 1848 we have had no such united movement throughout Europe. Then it was political and revolutionary; to-day it is industrial and peaceful. A few acts of unhappy disorder here and there cannot stain the just cause of the millions who in every land are orderly and calm."

In this bold, yet temperate, estimate of the popular temper within the past half-century, is gauged a very real progress—a tendency to wisdom and maturity. The universal substitution

of the social question for the political question, in spite of the latter's intensity, and in consequence of the gradual disappearance of the ferment of hatred that attends purely political divisions—this is the leading note of actuality and of progression. The *laudator temporis acti* may not admit it ; but his attitude is that of a classical *bourgeois*, or of a rather literary epicurean, and has absolutely no value except an individualistic one. It is an *experimentum in anima vili* ; it is a natural backward tendency of a spring that has been used (though but to little purpose). The comparison of the present with the past has no power of proof. It has little effect with ordinary thinking minds, none with minds that are discerning. Cardinal Manning's mental lucidity in this matter had struck us already ; we had noted it in expressing our own confidence in the honour due to our own time. And another Archbishop, that of St. Paul in the United States, who is as far removed from the Archbishop of Westminster in temperament as in latitude, has warmly uttered the same conviction from the pulpit.

How then should we too not think, how not trust, how not face things and men—the evolution of things, the agitation of men? When the way is traced for us by men of this quality, who shall accuse our youth of making war upon experience? Experience, true, is almost a virtue. Or at least it is the guardian of intellectual justice, as authority is the guardian of social justice. But that is often called experience which is only its shadow. For experience is not made up of regrets, of disenchantments, of yearnings backward. It is all composed of facilities, of receptiveness, of looking forward ; so that the Holy Spirit has dictated those familiar words : “ Better is a child that is poor and wise than a king that is old and foolish, who knoweth not to foresee for hereafter.”

Assuredly there is a salutary positivism, which looks straight at the phenomena of the social order ; there is a useful scepticism, which sets itself against prejudice, against convention,

against false conscience. And in all that surrounds us, among these young men—nay, these young women—may we not recognise a current of good tendency, in spite of appearances that may have somewhat astonished the older world? To recognise such good we need only guard against that evil eye whereby the whole body is in darkness. And even if we shall come upon “regrettable errors,” may they not be, like the “few acts of unhappy disorder” mentioned by Cardinal Manning, incapable of “staining the just cause?” And what is that cause? Always the cause of a more justly weighed equilibrium of rights and duties, of claims and responsibilities in the coming age. Who shall say that the precocity, as it were, of the newer generation may not indeed herald some true initiative? Cardinal Manning has said “Good is nearly all in the germ and in the future.” With that example we might draw up our maxim: “Youth without illusion, maturity without ambition, old age without depreciation, are near to perfection.”

In 1848 Cardinal Manning had reached forty years. He was at an age when a man has the right to direct himself, and is often invested with the duty of directing others. St. Theresa says: “The soul that has given itself to the service of God is subject to grievous vicissitudes and instabilities up to forty years; but thereafter it should be fixed in grace.” And her word is curiously confirmed by a word of most revolutionary ill-humour spoken by Chamfort: “The man who at forty is not a misanthrope has never loved mankind.” 1848—1890. By the mention of these dates together we seize in an instant the history of the opinions of an octogenarian who has renewed his youth like the eagle—youth that belongs to minds with desires that take an eagle-flight into the heights of righteousness. It might be interesting to study the earlier date in its characteristic mingling of action and reaction, and to discover how that generation broke, by its carelessness and triviality, the instrument of justice which Providence seemed

willing to entrust to its keeping. May we not say of many a historic age in history, as well as of many an individual :

She died, yet never was alive ;
 She feigned her breath—that lifeless age.
 From her lax hand the book has fall'n
 Wherein she never read a page.

But better things are to be hoped of the time that now is, for her hope, otherwise justifiable only as a privilege of youth, has received the sanction of the experience of a long life.

III.

"That there is an absolute need to elevate and lighten the labours of men, so that their lives may be human and domestic, no man can doubt. That the long hours of labour, not of men only, but even of women, and the uncertainty of sufficient wages, render impossible the duties and the charities of home, in our great centres of industry, is self-evident."

It appears here that Cardinal Manning bases his consideration of the whole social problem upon a foundation of human reasonableness—upon rectitude of understanding, natural assent, good sense in a word. His *postulatum* must needs be universally confessed ; it is described by that Anglo-Saxon word which is so imperfectly to be translated : "self-evident." It is from no mathematical formula that he starts, but from the living soul. He reasons not from things, but from men. Labour, Capital—all this is a kind of algebra. And what series of figures, of signs, of equations, of delusive and sterile exactitudes may not be accumulated upon these two words ? Indeed, the two-and-two-make-four kind of reasoning is one of the weightiest stupidities against which the human mind may hurl itself, when of that reasoning an abstraction is made, or when it is applied to things immaterial. Whereas if we put it thus : There are, in

the problem in question, two men, or two classes of men, the man possessing capital and the man performing labour ; in vain shall capital move, grow, or disappear, in vain shall labour transform itself, escape, or predominate ; the two men will be there still, face to face, two men bearing within themselves an equal mystery of life, notwithstanding their accidental differences in living, and notwithstanding an hereditary opposition. Thus, however difficult, however intricate be the science of living in relation with one another, it has its clue. All this is fundamental and elementary enough. But it has been disregarded, and he who disregards it is an oppressor. St. Augustine has wonderfully expressed the principle of sociology : "Created in a state of unity, man was not left to solitude ; and nothing is, so much as is human-kind, unsocial by vice and social by nature."

And starting implicitly from this essential idea of mankind, Cardinal Manning has grouped explicitly the various forms of the economic problem of labour : on the one hand its progressive increase in dignity, and on the other its secure and sufficient wages. These two *desiderata* are complementary, and should subserve the double temporal end of man on earth—his right to existence, sanctioned by his moral personality ; and his right to a family, sanctioned by the fact that the family and not the individual is the cell of society.

Practically we may hold it for certain, in advance, that the question of an equitable limitation of the hours of labour will never be resolved, or even aided, but by an equitable statement of the question of salaries. And however others than adult men may be constrained to labour by the imperfection of our conditions, it is upon the wages of adult men only that we must base our calculation. Cardinal Manning developed this matter in his letter to M. Decurtins, the head of the Catholic social school of Switzerland. His Eminence said, while congratulating him on having been the first to bring home to the public

conscience of Europe the question of an international protection of labour :

Some years ago I was reproached with being a bad political economist because I said that married women and mothers who, by their marriage contract, have undertaken to found a family and to bring up children, have neither the right nor the power to bind themselves by contract for so many hours a day in violation of their first engagement as wives and mothers. Such a contract is *ipso facto* illegal and void. You have very well brought out this great moral law, without which we should have a horde and not a nation. Without domestic life, no nation.

For woman, then, a career of labour, incompatible with the state of marriage, would be more admissible in celibacy. *Salvatis salvandis*, an association of working girls is more consonant with Christian principles than an association of working wives. For girls, labour may be a useful moral training ; for wives, it cannot be anything except a deformation of their sacred character.

Here is what a Catholic Belgian paper—the *Courrier de Bruxelles*—said as to the demand for a limitation of the hours of adult masculine labour :

The programme-formula of the socialistic agitators is a real "find." It is not so utopian as to reveal its absurdity at the first glance. But it expresses unrealisable wishes. Thus it answers the purposes of its authors. Working men, believing that they are asking for something just and natural, stick to their claim, and if it is not granted their discontent is sure to grow. Moreover, the formula has the great advantage of simplicity. The Three Eights! Nothing so strikes the popular mind and so sticks there, as a neat formula. And if the working classes demanded a reduction of their hours to seven a day, or to five, the danger would really be less than it is when they are asking for a limit of eight hours. Assuredly, the Three Eights will not soon disappear from the programme.

This opinion need only get out of the smoke of its pessimism to soar into something like clear air. What, in fact, are these Three Eights that came to us first from America, a country which,

had it no other merit, certainly has that of never having allowed the phylloxera of pessimism to lodge upon its coasts? The Three Eights are a division of the twenty-four hours of the earth's diurnal revolution. The division would give eight hours to the duties of labour, eight to the restoration of the physical force used by those duties, and eight to the intellectual and moral necessities of life. This is the trilogy of the new claim. It is evident that the very character of certain employments determine the amount of nervous and muscular force that is spent on them; it is evident that the changes of the seasons determine others by the clock of the sun himself; it is evident also that the necessities of public service or of general utility will not suffer the interruption of certain kinds of work. But these are mere accessory conditions. The fact that stands while conditions alter is this: that in our day it is not that hands are needed for the work, but that work is needed for the empty hands. In the formula of the Three Eights the principal point is the proposal of a distinct reservation of time, a reservation without which labour becomes abuse, becomes exhaustion, becomes servitude, becomes physical and moral degeneration, unsaved by respect for the nature of the body and for the nature of the mind. It is hardly conceivable that there should be any Christian soul, worthy of the name, who will not hail this "find" as a blessed message from Heaven. Alas! how enfeebled is the religious sense of the tremblers of the day, of the religious tremblers, who are the most easily scared of all. What! Shall a people in service cry for a third part of the time that God's good hand bestows between dawn and dawn; shall they ask for this space of hours for the sake of their minds and souls; and shall the ear of him who is himself free from the bonds of service fail to hear in the claim the very voice of the Master summoning the ministers of His Gospel? Eight hours saved from the manual labour of those who serve civilisation are eight hours given to the labour of those whom

civilisation has privileged. Was there ever a social prospect fairer for the enterprise of the apostolate? Those "eight hours of play" alarm you, O ye of little faith, and there rises before you the spectre of the public-house. So, forsooth, your impotence—your highly conservative impotence—is such that you fear to give the people time to know themselves and to direct themselves, and, perhaps, to grow more able than you are. You hesitate not to pronounce your own slavery that you may confirm theirs. But do you feel no imperious prompting of duty to urge you to make of those terrifying eight hours so many hours of moral progress, of making-acquaintance, of a loyal effort after instruction, of home habits, of intellectual cleansing, of enjoyment, of communion of thoughts? Terrible is the responsibility of man, and full of the threat of a curse, if man deprives man of the right of thought. "They will not endure sound doctrine," says St. Paul. The sound doctrine of the Three Eights? Is there such doctrine in the Church, indeed? Verily there is, though it may not seem very definite to those who have small respect for their fellow-creatures. St. Thomas has given us certain indications that ought not to be obscure for such as have retained any remembrance of their catechism. Man, he says, is obliged by the moral law to assign some fraction of his time to repairing the soul by application to divine things. It would seem as though the conscience of mankind, perverted, ill-instructed, persecuted as it has been, needed only to be set free, and it would send up from the whole earth a recurrent homage to the Creator of day and night, guided by the rhythm of the sun and the return of the dawn.

IV.

"Human society needs not the imaginary 'economic man' of political economists, but the real breathing human being, the man

of the family of Adam, the first toiler, in all the sympathies and dignities of our humanity."

Simple indeed is the doctrine expressed here. It is simple doctrine from a high place; that of the origin of the race of man and of the seal set by the Creator, a seal that all the events of the life and the sin of man on earth have not effaced. Not otherwise may we survey and study the history of man's misuse of his power, the history of all fraud, but by the light of the first human life, the life of Adam. "The real breathing human being, the man of the family of Adam," says Cardinal Manning; the American Archbishop, Monsignor Ireland, cried in his turn, preaching on the apostolate to the masses: "Draw them to God by all the chords of Adam." And it is the privilege of Encyclicals to give a store of patristic doctrine to the people, who are, whatever may be said to the contrary, eager to hear it. Thus Leo XIII. has transmitted to us the word of St. Augustine: "Citizens with citizens, nations with nations, men with men, these does the Church unite by a common remembrance of their first parents." The *Vingtième Siècle* hopes to study this very point in forthcoming numbers under the title of "The First Notions of Sociology in the First Chapters of Genesis."

To live and to multiply; such were the earliest laws given to man. To live, to multiply, and to work; for the law of labour preceded the fall, though from a sweet duty work became a painful duty through original sin. Though changed, however, it did not become evil. One thing only did God judge to be "not good," and this was that man should be alone. Against these three laws the gates of hell cannot prevail. And if there should be conflict amongst them; if man should set one against another of the three, it is a sin against Divinity itself. Now, in the present state of civilisation one factor of the three—labour—has been forced into enormously disproportionate importance.

It must be brought into comparison with its two fellow-laws, so that we may see whether it is not disturbing the right equilibrium. Life is for labour, and labour is for life. And accursed is the social condition in which life needs no labour, accursed that in which labour prevents life, or allows life, but prevents propagation. All these truths are contained in the word of Cardinal Manning: "Society needs the man of the family of Adam." Unfortunately each of the three laws has been falsified, contaminated, effaced; however the awakening may come, whether in a start or even in delirium, it is still an awakening sent by Providence. Let us make a few reflections on the triple social sin.

Living: We no longer know how to live; we have a merely subversive idea of the right to live. M. Edouard Dumont has made an able study of this failure in our social state. He says:

The obstinate love of life; the pleasure of being among the living on the earth—this is the mastering idea, the feeling which rules the situation and explains it. It is not the overflow of vitality which characterises young races, always ready, nevertheless, with the facility of the prodigal who thinks his treasures are inexhaustible, to spend the life which abounds with them. It is rather a *vitalism* than a vitality—a vitalism that is sensual, refined, soft, something like the feeling of a man who wakes in the morning in his good bed, happy to find himself in the world again, cowardly in his reluctance to meet the outside air, giving himself good reasons for putting off his cold bath. Among the masses this feeling is simply the instinct of beings in whom spiritual beliefs have been killed, of beings who love mere life, even when it is painful, with an animal love. Among the upper classes the instinct is increased by reasoning. They analyse themselves, and such analysis destroys, little by little, all faculty of action. The habit of looking at everything as an occasion either of advantage or of damage to our own individuality leads to impotence. Hamlet, the perpetual questioner of himself, has said it: the native hue of his resolution blanches to the pale cast of thought. His enterprises lose the name of action. To live, to live, to live! Whoever should succeed in noting all that

this outcry means in decadent societies would epitomise these present times of ours.

Nothing is clearer than the correlation of this pathological vital condition with the profound sufferings of the life of labour. When life is dishonoured, how shall labour remain in honour? And when labour kills, how should life not go astray? Now, if there is a fact undeniable, it is that contemporary industrialism is murderous; the society of our day is homicidal to the marrow; she is the violator of the great commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder." In like manner, man, knowing not how to live (in the dignity of that life which is the first of God's gifts to him), knows not how to die in the peace of that close which determines the value of life. Between the science of living and the science of dying there is less distance than between the cup and the lips. And if suicides abound in the midst of the vitalism that so overflows, it is because suicide is the opposite of the science of dying: it is the madness of that science; and nine-tenths of all suicides are imputable to society.

Multiplying: In considering this law, it is sufficient to keep in sight the principle whereby that which was ordained by the Eternal Father in the beginning of things created, was made law anew in the fulness of time by the Word of Life—the Son of God made man. The true doctrine in this matter has been taught by St. Paul, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, with a sublime understanding of the work of God and knowledge of the nature of man; and in his charge to Timothy, even in the passage concerning widows still young and not called to the counsels of perfection—those in whom religion and the service of Christ had not effaced the sensitiveness of age and sex—the Apostle expresses no vague condescension, but a deliberate wish: "I will that the younger should marry, bear children, be mistresses of families." God forbid that we should ignore the beauty of Catholic celibacy, the anathema of the Council of

Trent, or the word of the Divine Master, when He presented absolute chastity as a state of voluntary perfection, or that other word by which He promises house, and brethren, and children to those who have renounced all things for His sake. In touching the subject we have had in view merely the world of the labouring classes and the conditions produced for them by the prevailing political economy. And while political economy attacks their right to live, it questions—still worse, it perverts—their right, their duty, of multiplying, of honestly founding families, of maintaining hearth and home.

Now, if the mere notion of living is so falsified as to turn to animal conditions, even among the richer classes, how can we hope to see the dignity of the mystery of the communication of life kept whole among the poor? Nevertheless, such is the effect of the virtue of manual labour, that the working class is less touched with certain selfish evils than is that educated class which would be willing to limit everything except the working hours of others! There is evidently some affinity between the *animalis homo* of whom speaks St. Paul, and the *economicus homo* of Cardinal Manning. Let us close with the encouraging word of a theologian of high repute, the Abbé Martinet: "The people are the natural guardians of morals, of good sense, and of national honour."

Working: We need go no further than to the apostolic work of Cardinal Manning himself for considerations upon the third law given to man upon earth. We cite what follows—and we can give it only in fragments—from a sermon pronounced by the Archbishop of Westminster in 1874 on "The Rights and Dignities of Labour." And this date bears witness that the ideas of His Eminence, in some sort chiselled into their brief form in the letter to M. Harmel, have all the character of settled convictions and all the life of a vigorously constituted body of doctrine:

I will not pause to define labour. Let it suffice to say that it

is the honest exercise of the activities of our bodies and of our minds, for our own good and the good of others. I say "honest," for this is the only exercise of activity that is worthy of the name of work. It may be said, in a sense, of corporal labour that it is the origin of all things, even though intelligence has to precede it and to guide it. In our days, men are too much inclined to depreciate simple corporal effort, inasmuch as labour has become more skilful and industry has become scientific. Nevertheless, mere labour of the body has a true dignity. The man who exercises honestly the activities of his body, for his own good or the good of others, leads a life worthy and noble because he is fulfilling his providential function. And every man who plays the part assigned him is in a state of dignity. Work, more or less persistent, is the condition of all production. And work is not only the primordial law of our condition; it is also a law of spiritual and material progress. It fecundates the earth, it fecundates and civilises humanity. Every honest worker has a right to respect in his condition. And above all I claim for labour its rights of property. Nothing is more *proper* to a man than his own work, his own skill, his own activity. In the strictest sense these are his capital. Labour is living capital, and what I may call dead capital, or money, receives its power and activity from the industry of toilers. The two factors must be united; otherwise it is all over with production and progress. . . . Certain economists pronounce against all State intervention in the organisation of labour. But let me point out that the principle of free trade and of free labour is not applicable in every condition and in every case. It must be limited by moral reasons. I am of opinion that the hours of labour should be regulated by the law.

Let us now bind together the lessons of these three verbs: to live, to multiply, and to labour. With regard to the two first, strange has been the error of this closing century in perverting notions simple enough for the poor, simple enough for children. Out of the two very words, human life and human nuptials (the nuptials that paganism itself called righteous), French slang in this closing century has made two catch-words the significance of which we need not dwell upon. From *la vie* it has made *viveur*; from

la noce it has made *noceur*. In vain shall dictionaries mark the words with the slighting definition "*populaire*": the slang has had its origin in drawing-rooms or at least in clubs, and not in the farm or in the workshop. As to the third verb, to labour, the modern word in use for this has nothing to do with slang. It has, on the contrary, antiquity enough; but what kind of antiquity? Great Heaven! Its antiquity is that of Roman corruption at its most corrupt. For our word is *prolétaire*—*proletarius*—the man who owns absolutely nothing, and to whom the State allows absolutely nothing, except his natural power of fatherhood. In his "Réponse à un Bourgeois," M. le Comte de Martimprey has said:

There is indeed a Fourth Estate. It is the Proletariate, which meets with less benevolence and less liberality now from the citizen class than it met with in the old order from the classes of privilege. To an unparalleled condition of inferiority is now reduced this Proletariate—if I must again use the brutal word, a word expressing the barbarity of twenty centuries ago, a word that stigmatises our pretended civilisation and sets our feet in the very sewer of the old Roman world, a word that describes that last and lowest rank of human beings, worth to the commonwealth precisely the value of their offspring according to the weight of muscle, bone, and flesh they supplied for service at the galley-oar, at the plough-handle.

Strict is the duty of the brave and honest to take in hand at last the cause of the disinherited and the losers in life's battle. Not without offending the prejudices of privilege will this be done; but prejudice and privilege are "neglectable quantities."

But decidedly it is from the New World that we are getting the right words for our purpose. It was something to have formulated the liberation of labour from the tyranny of capital, in the Three Eights; but America has done more in giving us a word to take the place of Proletariate. With her the Proletaries have become the Knights of Labour.

Husband and Wife.

SHE said : "Time's fleet." And I : "O sweet,
It spares your beauty's glory!"
But she : "Alas ! my looking-glass
Tells me another story."

"My Heaven's fixed star, O friend, you are :—
The youngest of young lovers."
Sighed she : "Alack ! my almanac
The plainer truth discovers."

"Sweet wife, Life's lies cheat not Love's eyes,
Love's eyes alone discern.
Their verdict take : your mirror break,
Your calendar go burn !"

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

Reviews and Views.

PATHOS.

A FUGITIVE writer has just written on the fugitive page of a minor magazine: "For our part, the drunken tinker [Christopher Sly] is the most real personage of the piece, and not without some hints of the pathos that is worked out more fully, though by different ways, in Bottom and Malvolio." Has it indeed come to this? Have the *Zeitgeist* and the *Weltschmerz* and the other things compared to which *le spleen* was gay, done so much for us? Is there to be no laughter left in literature free from the pre-occupation of a sham real-life? So it would seem. Even what the great master has not shown us in his work, that your critic convinced of pathos is resolved to see in it. By the penetration of his intrusive sympathy he will come at it. It is of little use now to explain Snug the joiner to the audience: why, it is precisely Snug who stirs their emotions so painfully. Not the lion; they can see through that: but the Snug within, the human Snug. And Master Shallow has the *Weltschmerz* in that latent form which is the more appealing; and discouraging questions arise as to the end of old Double; and Argan in his nightcap is the tragic figure of Monomania; and human nature shudders at the petrification of the intellect of Mr. F.'s aunt. *Et patati, et patata.*

OUBLIANCE. 3T may be only too true that the actual world is "with pathos delicately edged." For Malvolio living we should have living sympathies : so much aspiration ; so ill-educated a love of refinement ; so unarmed a credulity, noblest of weaknesses, betrayed for the laughter of a chambermaid. By an actual Bottom the weaver our pity might be reached for the sake of his single self-reliance, his fancy and resource condemned to burlesque and ignominy by the niggard doom of circumstance. But is not life one thing and is not art another? Is it not the privilege of literature to make selection and to treat things singly, without the after-thoughts of life, without the troublous completeness of the many-sided world? Is not Shakspeare, for this reason, our refuge? Fortunately unreal is his world when he will have it so ; and there we may laugh with open heart at a grotesque man : without misgiving, without remorse, without reluctance. If great creating Nature has not assumed for herself she has assuredly secured to the great creating poet the right of partiality, of limitation, of setting aside and leaving out, of taking one impression and one emotion as sufficient for the day. Art and Nature are separate, complementary ; in relation, not in confusion, with one another. And all this officious cleverness in seeing round the corner, as it were, of a thing presented by literary art in the flat—(the borrowing of similes from other arts is of evil tendency ; but let this pass, as it is apt)—is but another sign of the general lack of a sense of the separation between Nature and the sentient mirror in the mind. In some of his persons, indeed, Shakspeare is as Nature herself, all-inclusive ; but in others—and chiefly in comedy—he is partial, he is impressionary, he refuses to know what is not to his purpose. And in that gay, wilful world it is that he gives us—or used to give us, for even the word is obsolete—the pleasure of *oubliance*.

“THEIR
SUPERIOR
WEEPING.”

NOW this fugitive writer has not been so swift but that we have caught him a clout as he went. Yet he will do it again ; and those like-minded will assuredly also continue to show how much more completely human, how much more sensitive, how much more responsible, is the art of the critic than the world has ever dreamt till now. And, superior in so much, they will still count their superior weeping as the choicest of their gifts. And Lepidus, who loves to wonder, can have no better subject for his admiration than the pathos of the time. It is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun. 'Tis a strange serpent ; and the tears of it are wet.

A CATHOLIC
FRIENDSHIP.

SILENCE is round us like a ring,
Unhindered by an alien sound ;
I hear the constellations sing,
The grasses growing underground.

I hear the tread of angels' feet,
Remounting the familiar stair,
Drawn hourly downwards by the sweet
Insistence of my darling's prayer.

How often in the ways of men,
Amidst the jarring and the noise,
My wandering thought has turned again,
My heart regained its equal poise :—

Because, across the sea and land,
A soft restraining touch I felt,
And held by one unfaltering hand,
I in that sacred silence dwelt.

LOQUITUR
MATER.

THERE passed a mystery by that touched
my heart,
What time, O Child, your growing hands
you laid
About my life, and drew therefrom a part
Of that which sharing Time and I had made.

You were my prisoner ; and, upon a day
(The Spring had brought her waggon full of flowers
That day for you), along my arm you lay,
Freed and unblindfold, struggling with new powers.

And you went free ; and I am free no more,
O never more, though quick you be or dead.
And when I walk your shadow goes before,
And when I sleep, its face lies near my head.

VERNON BLACKBURN, in the *National Observer*.

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QUEEN MARY.

(From the Portrait by Sir Anthony More, at the Tudor Exhibition.)

MERRY ENGLAND.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

The Thrée Eights :

A LETTER FROM CARDINAL MANNING:
AND A FRENCHMAN'S MEDITATION THEREON.

V.

"Three vital conditions are needed for the happiness and welfare of those who live by labour. The first is faith in God and obedience to His law. The second is human sympathy between the employers and the employed. The third is a known proportion between profits and wages, so that both employers and employed shall see that their interests are common and their prosperity indivisible."

THAT which gives to Cardinal Manning's message to our work a character of special value for social students such as ourselves is that it does not stop with assigning to the question of industrial organisation its due place among social problems (which is much), but goes on to suggest a rational programme, a logical decision, a "progression," as they say in our military schools; a plan, in a word, for a true course of study of this important phase of contemporary evolution. It may be said that this new *magister sententiarum*, the

venerable Primate of England, has pointed out a syllabus of instruction for that school of sociology which shall be Catholic, and for that reason international — that school which has become more evidently and manifestly necessary day by day, the school which has neither prejudice nor fear. Even if His Eminence had no such intention in writing his letter of last May, what matters? One filled with Apostolic doctrine, invested with the Apostolic function, may certainly—owing to his union with the authority of the Holy See and to the correspondence of his own long life with the divine duties of his dignity—almost unawares, teach men by speech and pen. By this sign indeed do we know, throughout the ages, those whom Christ, without purse, or scrip, or shoes, sent to seek first the sheep which were lost. And, by the way, consider the equipment of the other apostolate of social truths—the bag full of bonds, the purse of the shareholder, the shoes of the politician!

After the paragraph which furnished the text of our last chapter, and in which the Cardinal substitutes for the fantastic and cruel Liberal conception of the *economicus homo*, the beneficent Catholic 'idea of the *operarius homo*, His Eminence attacks the practical side, the concrete notion, of the happiness and the well-being of the labouring classes. The two things are not synonymous, the one concerning the spirit and the other the body. Happiness and temporal well-being constitute together, in Catholic orthodoxy, the aim to be reached by social economy; and on this happiness and this well-being depends the whole peace of human society. After the doctrine comes the rule. Doctrine directed us to consider the very beginning of mankind; the rule deals with its future—a future very close to us now. And the thought of Cardinal Manning on this point is in union with that of one of the most worthy brethren of the Sacred College, Cardinal Parocchi, whom the *XX^{me} Siècle* has already quoted to this effect: "It is our sacred duty to affirm with a fresh energy the harmony of all the antitheses asserted by

Christianity, and to keep a jealous guard over the synthesis designed by God from all eternity and realised in time." Three-fold, then, are the conditions of the happiness and the well-being of the labouring class. . . . And these are the Free-Catholic triangle: religious faith; a good understanding; proportionate remuneration.

To believers, the two first conditions are so evidently and so naturally indicated that one might be tempted to treat them as truisms—commonplaces such as are the Christian's constant breath. From the days of our childhood we have heard sufficiently often certain exclamations characterised by eminent exactitude: "Make people holy, and they will bear everything." "Let them come to an understanding among themselves, and social reconciliation will be complete." But, however perfect an apothegm may be, we must not evade the task of demonstrating its specific value—its applicability to the evil it is to treat and to cure. The sovereign maxim, "All power is from God" (and there is none more just), helps us little towards an understanding of the principle of authority and obedience until we learn to define where, when, and in what measure Divine power is divided among human responsibilities. It is otherwise with the third condition affirmed by the Cardinal. By the mere assertion alone it takes us far on our way; on our way into a thicket of difficulties, may be, into a virgin forest. But has not all discovery its pioneers?

To treat of the Cardinal's first condition, religious faith, or, to quote his words more exactly, faith in God and obedience to His laws. It is to be remembered that the Council of the Vatican began its Acts with definitions of Faith. Nor may we forget that the Vatican Council was the assembling, under the banner of the Holy Ghost, of the Episcopal Order of the whole world—the Order of the perpetual missionaries of the Gospel—around the Vicar of Jesus Christ, for the discerning of modern errors, modern aspirations, modern confusion, modern vitality.

energy or force equivalent to the "form" of the scholastic philosophy. This was not, however, asserted to be an absolutely evident truth, but only the most really *scientific* explanation at which the study of nature, including man, had as yet enabled us to arrive.

A French edition of the lectures has already gone to press

TWENTY
PORTRAITS.



"MODERN MEN" is a selection from the *Scots Observer* series, heralded by a preface wherein the reader gets a somewhat too bitter taste of what is to come. The writer of this has not withstood the temptation to extremes, forgetting that beyond all the distinctions he has achieved there is still the rarest yet to get—a sensitive justice that will not compromise the very chastity of self-respect by letting its judgments seem too emphatic by a word, too hasty by a moment. But perhaps we are ourselves lacking in that composed liberality which we are praising, when we would exact it from a temperament of exceptional vitality. The qualities of which Mr. Henley has the defects are great ones; he is able to go far and fast, and it is an intolerant modesty that would press him too urgently to practise the poise of pause. We are more sure of the justice of our protest when we ask him never more to let a mere sharp phrase commit injustice in his name and under his hand. Of such a self-surrender to a word lesser men are not ashamed; it is unworthy of him. As an instance, let us mention a hateful antithesis in this preface: "These twenty literary portraits . . . have been selected and arranged with a view to variety of interest and effect. Thus, Mr. Arthur Balfour is contrasted with Mr. Parnell, the P. R. A. with a painter, etc." But, turning to the article itself on Sir Frederick Leighton, we find that the writer is not without a sense of the dignity of design, the nobility, and the singleness of aim of this distinguished artist. The criticism is hostile and illiberal, but it is not easily scornful; it takes for

granted certain principles that might more appropriately be the subject of an educated hesitation, but it does not shoulder its adversary out of the way or insult him with a laugh.

A SCHOOL OF
ENGLISH.

AND yet—a laugh is such sufficient language at times! We would not do a fine critic the wrong to ask him to explain it or to justify it. It is justified. Close on the very sentence of which we have complained comes the continuation: “Mr. Lewis Morris with a poet;” and the reader is at once convinced that the method of antithesis is righteous. To come to the essays themselves, however. Their point of phrase, their alertness and vigilance of manner, and the force of their admirable English, are the fit utterance of matter full of wisdom. The judgment is almost always nobly right as to all literary points at issue; and the literature of the little volume remains surer and stronger, as it is less dogmatic and impatient, than the art or the politics. But equally good with the literary judgments are the appreciations of some modern men as men rather than as producers—essays in contemporary human nature. Among these the paper on Mr. Spurgeon is a masterpiece. Of the work of no writers besides the group working at present with Mr. Henley could it be said, as it is to be said of this little volume, that it is a school of style.

FRONTISPIECE.



ONE of the sweetest of all Tuscan “Nativities,” is the picture reproduced in our frontispiece. Fra Filippo Lippi’s career occurred at a moment when the whole movement of Florentine art all but compelled a singular composure and loveliness of expression and design. Spirituality was ready-made, and not costly to come by, to judge by the career of the poor friar who drew this beautiful

Madonna. But if the spirit of the time drew for Fra Filippo the innocent and recollected faces of this Nativity, it found in his hand a most delicate instrument. In conception the picture is obviously not a Nativity properly so called, but a mystical composition uniting—under the blessing of a symbol of the Eternal Father—the Madonna and Child, a monk-Saint whom our more well-informed readers may be able to distinguish by the accessory branch, and St. John the Baptist. This being so, the painter needs no excuse for making the Holy Child half-a-year old. But in pictures of the Nativity as an event, it might have been wished that the painters of mediæval schools had had the courage to paint the Bambino new-born. Evidently, denying themselves any luxury of beauty in the adult figures, they indulged an innocent admiration of the flesh by drawing a well-developed infant, over-robust, indeed—"fat and well-liking" beyond what a tenderer taste approves. For this reason, they would have neither swaddling clothes nor the meagreness of the newly-born.

"GLORY TO THE **3** T was left for modern feeling, with its much
NEWLY BORN." greater love of childhood, to adore the
Child Jesus "three hours old," as in Miss May Probyn's lovely
Carol. Fritz von Uhde has painted a Nativity in a modern
Bavarian stable with a pale Madonna sitting up in her bed to
worship a swaddled Child curled, helpless, not a day old, over
her knees. In the Arts and Crafts Exhibition there is a
Bambino by a Catholic sculptor—Miss Brown—not new-born,
perhaps, but much younger than the Bambino of the Italian
tradition; the figure, moreover, in this very devotional work,
has a childlike unconsciousness and a simplicity of attitude,
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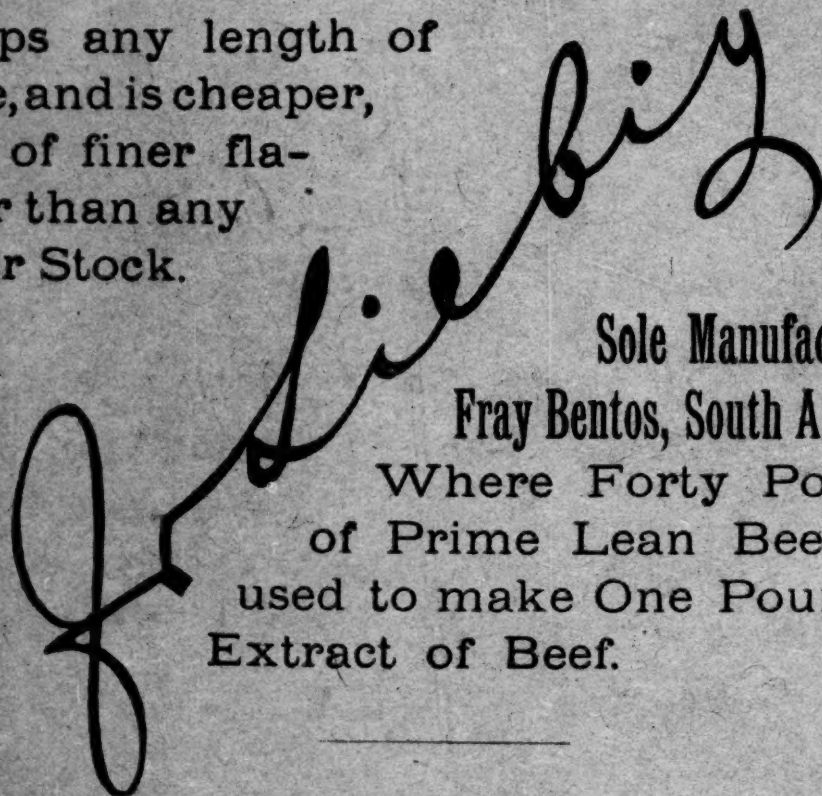
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